The Saturday Evening Post

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THE DREAMER—TO ANNA SEMANS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARY L. CLOUGH.

She sits by the window at early dusk,
  Before the lamps are lit in the room,
Looking out with a listless mien,
  Watching the shades of the gathering gloom.
O'er banded tresses of golden hue,
Fathomless eyes where the soul looks through,
Delicate fingers and silken robe,
The busy fire-light flickers and falls,
Glows and darkles along the walls.

She sits and dreams in the paling day,
  Lured by the phantoms of long ago,
Heeding only her fanciful thoughts,
  Rem'nies and fancies that ebb and flow.
Young and fair—how is it that life
Hath shown her much of its selfish strife;
Nor marr'd a beauty of mind or form,
But touched and charmed with a nameless grace
The matchless glory of eyes and face?

They say she is cold, that her icy breast
  With a maiden's hope hath never yearned,
That over the snow of her stainless cheek
  The blushes of love have never burned.
No charmed name sends a magic thrill
Through the soul whose passion is laid and still—
That lovers stately and lovers rich
Have come to woo from the East and West,
But lit no flame in that peaceful breast.

But there she sits in the deep'ning dusk,
  And I know her noble soul is stirred
By deep emotions and tender thoughts,
  Called to her mind by no idle word.
For the heart that is cold to a lover's sigh
Is ravished with loves of the earth and sky.
There throbs a pity for all things wronged,
There lives a worship for God and truth,
And a holy faith in the friends of youth.

Shall a woman's heart be wooed and won,
  Like an idle thing for a sum of gold?
Are beautiful visions and lofty hopes,
  And god-like ideals bought and sold?
The woman who dare be true to her heart,
Though the restless years as they meet and part
Leave her alone with her high-born dreams,
Is crowned with the true heroic worth;
Happy is she, though never on earth
The "Prince" shall ascend by the castle stair
And waken the Dreamer who slumbers there.

INTERIOR OF A TARTAR HUT IN THE CRIMEA.

The Tartars of the Black Sea coast have much of European blood infused into their veins, and have regular features and fair hair; but those of the interior retain the high-cheek bones and wide eyes which are characteristic of their race, and are a hardy, hospitable people, totally different from their brethren on the coast. Their villages are generally situated on the steep hill-sides, near to which is generally a stone fountain with its cold sparkling water. These poor people cling tenaciously to their highland glens, and no wonder, for they are beautiful localities, encircled by lofty mountains, full of luxuriant foliage and vegetation, and watered by mountain-streams which foam and sparkle as they force their way down their rocky channels.

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER VIII.

MADAM'S LISTENING CLOSET.

Holding herself, as she did, so entirely aloof from her neighbors, there was little wonder in Madam's having remained unconscious of the fact that some months ago, nearly twelve now, a young lady had come to reside with Mrs. Cumberland. Part of the time Mrs. Cumberland had been away. Madam had also been away; and when at home her communication with Dallory and Dallory Ham consisted solely in being whirled through its roads in a carriage; no one in-doors spoke unnecessarily in her hearing of any gossip connected with those despised places; and to church she rarely went, for she did not get up in time. And so the sweet girl who had for some time now been making Arthur Bohun's heart's existence, had never yet been seen or heard of by his mother.

For Mrs. Cumberland to be seen abroad so early was something marvellous; indeed she was rarely seen abroad at all. On this morning she came out of her room at half-past eleven o'clock, dressed for a walk; and bade Ellen Adair make ready to accompany her. Ellen obeyed, silently wondering. The truth was, Mrs. Cumberland had picked up a very unpleasant doubt the previous day, and would give the whole world to lay it to rest. It was connected with her son. His assurances had partly pacified her, but not quite; and she determined to get a private word with Mr. North. Ellen, walking by her side along the road, supposed they were going into Dallory. Mrs. Cumberland kept close to the hedge for the sake of the shade; as she brushed the bench in passing, where she had sat the past night, a slight shudder took her frame. Ellen did not observe it; she was revelling in the beauty of the sweet spring day. The gates of Dallory Hall gained, Mrs. Cumberland turned in. Ellen Adair wondered more and more; but Mrs. Cumberland was not one to be questioned at will on any subject.

On they came, Madam watching with all her eyes. Mrs. Cumberland was in her usual black silk attire, and walked with the slow step of an invalid. Ellen wore a morning-dress of lilac muslin. It needed not the lilac parasol she carried to reflect an additional lovely hue on that most lovely face. A stately, refined girl, as Madam saw, with charming manners, the reverse of pretentious.

But as Madam, fascinated for once in her life, gazed outwards, a certain familiarity in the face dawned upon her senses. That she had seen it before, or one very like it, became a conviction. "Who on earth is she?" murmured the lady to herself—for Madam was by no means stilted in her phrases at leisure moments.

"Are you going to call at the Hall, Mrs. Cumberland?" inquired Ellen, venturing to ask the question at length in her increasing surprise. And every word could be heard distinctly by Madam, for they were nearly close.

"I think so," was the answer, given in a hesitating tone. "I—I should like to tell Mr. North that I feel for his loss."

"But is it not early to do so—both in the hour of the day and after the death?" rejoined Ellen, with deprecation.

"For a stranger it would be; for me, no. I and John North were as brother and sister once. Besides, I have something else to say to him."

Had Miss Adair asked what the something else was—which she would not have presumed to do—Mrs. Cumberland might have replied that she wished again to enlist the Hall's influence on behalf of her son, now that Mr. Alexander was about to leave. A sure indication that it was *not* the real motive that was drawing her to the Hall, for she was one of those reticent women who rarely, if ever, observe open candor even to friends. Suddenly she halted.

"I prefer to go on alone, Ellen. You can sit down and wait for me. There are benches about in the covered walks."

Mrs. Cumberland went forward. Ellen turned back and began to walk towards the entrance gates with the slow, lingering step of one who waits. Mrs. Cumberland had got well on, when she turned and called.

"Ellen."

But Ellen did no hear. She had her face turned the other way.

"Ellen! Ellen Adair!"

A loud call, this, echoing on the warm summer air, echoing on the curious ears covered by the lace mantilla. Mrs. North gave a quick, sharp start. It looked very like a start of terror.

"Ellen Adair!" she repeated to herself, her hungry eyes, hungry in their fear, flashing out on the beautiful face, to see whether she could track home the resemblance *now*. "Ellen Adair? Good heavens!"

Ellen had turned at once.

"Yes, Mrs. Cumberland?"

"Do not go within view of the road, my dear. I don't care that all the world should know I am making a call a Dallory Hall. Find a bench and sit down, as I bade you."

Obedient, as it was in her nature to be, the young lady turned promptly into one of the side paths, which brought her within nearer range of Madam's view. She, Madam, with a face from which every atom of color had faded, leaving it white as ashes, stood still as a statue, like one confounded.

"I see the likeness; it is to *him*," she muttered. Can he have come home?"

Ellen Adair passed out of sight and hearing. Madam, shaking herself from her fear, turned with stealthy steps to seek the house, keeping in the private paths as long as might be; which was a more circuitous way. Madam intended, unseen, to make a third at the interview between her husband and Mrs. Cumberland. The sight of that girl's face had frightened her. There might be treason in the air.

Mrs. Cumberland was already in Mr. North's parlor. Strolling out amidst his flowers, he had encountered her in the garden, and taken her in through the open window. Madam, arriving a little later, passed through the hall to the dining-room. Rather inopportunely, there sat Bessy, busy with her housekeeping account books.

"Take them elsewhere," said Madam, with an imperious sweep of the hand.

She was not in the habit of giving a reason for any command whatever: let it be reasonable or unreasonable, all to be done, was to hear and obey. Bessy gathered her books up in her black apron, and went away, Madam shooting the bolt of the door after her.

Then she stole across the soft Turkey carpet and slipped into the closet already spoken of, that formed a communication (never used as such) between the dining-room and Mr. North's parlor. The door opening to the parlor was unlatched and had been ever since he put his slippers inside it an hour before. When her eyes became accustomed to the closet's darkness, Madam saw them lying there; she also saw one or two of his old brown gardening coats hanging on the pegs. Against the wall was a narrow tables with an unlocked desk upon it, belonging to herself. It was clever of Madam to keep it there. Opening the lid silently she pulled up a few of its valueless papers, and let them stick out. Of course, if the closet were suddenly entered from the parlor—a most unlikely thing to happen, but Madam was cautious—she was only getting something from her desk. In this manner she had occasionally made an unsuspected third at Richard North's interview with his father. Letting the lace hood slip off, Madam bent her ear to the crevice of the unlatched door, and stood there listening. She was under the influence of terror still: her lips were drawn back, her face wore the hue of death.

Apparently the ostensible motive of the interview—Mrs. Cumberland's wish to express her sympathy for the blow that had fallen on the Hall—was over; she had probably also been asking for Mr. North's influence to push her son. The first connected words Madam caught, were these.

"I will do what I can, Mrs. Cumberland. I wished to do it before, as you know. But Mrs. North took a dislike—I mean took a fancy to Alexander."

"You mean, took a dislike to Oliver," corrected Mrs. Cumberland. "In the old days, when you were John North, without thought of future grandeur, and I was Fanny Gass, we spoke out freely to each other."

"True," said poor Mr. North. "I've not had such good days since. Ah, what a long while it seems to look back to! I have grown into an old man, Fanny, older in feeling than in years; and—you—you wasted the best days of your life in a hot and pestilential climate."

"Pestilential in places and at seasons," corrected Mrs. Cumberland. "My husband was stationed in the beautiful climate of the Blue Mountains, as we familiarly call the region of the Neilgherry Hills. It is pleasant there."

"Ay, I've heard so. Get the cool breezes, and all that."

"People used to come up there from the hot plains to regain their wasted health," continued Mrs. Cumberland, whose thoughts were apt to wander back to the earlier years of her exile. "Ootacamund is resorted to there, just as the colder sea-side places are, here. But I and Mr. Cumberland were stationary."

"Ootacamund?" repeated Mr. North, struck with the name. "Ootacamund was where my wife's first husband died; Major Bohun."

"No, he did not die there," quietly rejoined Mrs. Cumberland.

"Was it not there? Ah well, it does not matter. One is apt to confuse these foreign names and places together in the memory."

Mrs. Cumberland made no rejoinder, and there ensued a momentary silence. Madam, who with the mention of the place, Ootacamund, bit her lip almost to bleeding, bent forward and looked through the opening of the door. She could just see the smallest portion of the cold, calm gray face, and waited in sickening apprehension of what the next words might be. They came from Mrs. Cumberland and proved an intense relief; for the subject was changed for another.

"I am about to make a request to you, John: I hope you will grant it for our old friendship's sake. Let me see the anonymous letter that proved so fatal to Edmund—little Neddums, as I and your wife used fondly to call him in his babyhood. Every incident connected with this calamity is to me so full of painful interest!" she continued, as if seeking to apologize for her request. "As I lay awake last night, unable to sleep, it came into my mind that I would ask you to let me see the letter."

"You may see it, and welcome," was Mr. North's ready reply, as he unlocked a drawer in the old secretaire—bureau, he always called it—and handed the paper to her. "I only wish I could show it to some purpose—to somebody who would recognize the handwriting. You won't do that."

Mrs. Cumberland answered by a sickly smile. Her hands trembled as she took the letter, and Mr. North noticed how white her lips had become—as if with some inward suspense or emotion. She studied the letter well; reading it three times over; looking at it critically in all lights. Madam in the closet could have hit her for her inquisitive curiosity.

"You are right, John," she said, with an unmistakable sigh of relief as she gave the missive back, "I certainly do not recognize that handwriting. It is like no one's that I ever saw."

"It is a disguised hand, you see," he answered. "No question about that; and accomplished in the cleverest manner."

"Is it true that poor Edmund had been drawing bills in conjunction with Alexander?"

"Only one. He had drawn a good many I'm afraid during his short lifetime in conjunction with other people, but only one with Alexander which they got renewed. No blame attaches to Alexander; not a scrap of it."

"Oliver told me that."

"Ay. I have a notion that poor Edmund did not get into this trouble for his own sake; but to help that young scamp, his brother."

"Which brother?"

"Which brother!" exchoed Mr. North rather in mockery. "As if you need ask that. There's only one of them who could deserve the epithet: and that's Sidney. An awful scamp he is. He is but twenty years of age, and he is as deep in the ways of a bad world as though he were forty."

"I am very sorry to hear you say it. Whispers go abroad about him, as I daresay you know; but I would rather not have heard them confirmed by you."

"People can't say much too bad of him. We have got Mrs. North to thank for it: it is all owing to the way she has brought him up. When I would have corrected his faults, she stepped between us. Oftentimes have I thought of the enemy that sowed the tares amid the wheat in his neighbor's field."

"The old saying comes home to many of us," observed Mrs. Cumberland with a suppressed sigh, as she rose to leave. "When our children are young they tread upon our toes, but when they get older they tread upon our hearts."

"Ay, ay! Don't go yet," added Mr. North. It is pleasant in times of sorrow to see an old friend. I have no friends now."

"I must go, John. Ellen Adair is waiting for me; she will find the time long. And I expect it would not be very agreeable to your wife to see me here. Not that I know for why; or what I can have done to her."

"She encourages nobody; nobody of the good old days," was the confidential rejoinder. "There's no fear of her; I saw her going off towards the shrubberies—after Master Sidney, I suppose. She takes what she calls her constitutional walks there. They last a couple of hours sometimes."

As Mr. North turned to put the letter into the drawer again, he saw the scrap of poetry that had been found in Arthur Bohun's desk. This he also showed his visitor. He would have kept nothing from her: she was the only link left to him of the days when he and the world (to him) were alike young. Had Mrs. Cumberland stayed there till night, he would then have thought it too soon for her to go away.

"I will do all I can for your son, Fanny," said Mr. North, as they stood for a moment at the glass doors. "I like Oliver. He is a steady, persevering fellow, and I'll help him on if I can. If I do not, the fault will not lie with me. You understand?" he added, looking at her.

Mrs. Cumberland understood perfectly: that the fault would lie with Madam. She nodded in answer.

"Mr. Alexander is going, John—as you know. Should Oliver succeed in getting the whole of the practice—and there's nothing to prevent it—he will soon be making a large income. In that case, I suppose he will be asking you to give him something else."

"You mean Bessy. I wish to goodness he had her!" continued Mr. North impulsively: "I do heartily wish it sometimes. She has not a very happy life of it here. Well, well; I hope Oliver will get on with all my heart; tell him so from me, Fanny. He shall have her when he does."

"*Shall* he!" ejaculated Madam from her closet, and in her most scornfully defiant tone—for the conversation had not pleased her.

They went strolling away amid the parterres of flowers, Madam peering after them with angry eyes. She heard her husband tell Mrs. Cumberland to come again; to come in often, whenever she would. Mr. North went on with her down the broad path, after they had lingered some minutes with the sweet flowers. In strolling back alone, who should pounce upon Mr. North from a side path but Madam!

"Was not that woman I saw you with the Cumberland, Mr. North?"

"It was Mrs. Cumberland: my early friend. She came in to express her sympathy at my loss. I took it as very kind of her, Madam."

"I take it as very insolent," retorted Madam. "She had some girl with her when she came in. Who was it?"

"Some girl!" repeated Mr. North, whose memory was anything but retentive. "Ah, yes, I remember; she said her ward was waiting for her."

"Who is her ward?"

"The daughter of a friend whom they knew in India, Madam. In India or Australia; I forget which; George Cumberland was stationed in both places. A charming young lady with a romantic name: "Ellen Adair."

Madam toyed with the black lace that shielded her face.

"You seem to know her, Mr. North."

"I have seen her in the road; and in coming out of church. The first time I met them was in Dallory, one day last summer, and Mrs. Cumberland told me who she was. That is all I know of her, Madam—as you seem to be curious."

"Is she living at Mrs. Cumberland's?"

"Just now she is. I—I think they said she was going to be sent out to join her father," added Mr. North, whose impressions were always hazy in matters that did not immediately concern him. "Yes, I'm nearly sure, Madam: to Australia."

"Her father—whoever he may be—is not in Europe then," slightingly spoke Madam, stooping to root up mercilessly a handful of blue-bells.

"Her father lives over yonder. That's why the young lady has to go out."

Madam tossed away the rifled flowers and raised her head to its customary haughty height. The danger had passed. "Over yonder" meant, as she knew, some far-off antipodes. She flung aside the girl and the interlude from her recollections, just as ruthlessly as she had flung the blue-bells.

"I want some money, Mr. North."

Mr. North went into a flutter at once.

"I—I have none by me, Madam."

"Then give me a check."

"Nor check, either. I don't happen to have a signed check in the house, and Richard is gone for the day."

"What have I repeatedly told you—that you must *keep* money by you; and checks too," was her stern answer. "Why does Richard sign the checks always? Why don't you sign them?"

She had asked the same thing fifty times, and he had never been goaded to give the true answer.

"I have not signed a check since Thomas Gass died, except on my own private account, Madam; no, nor for long before it. My account is overdrawn. I shan't have a stiver in the bank until next quarter-day."

"You told me that last week," she said contemptuously. "Draw then upon the firm account."

He shook his head. "The bank would not cash it."

"Why?"

"Because only Richard can sign. Oh, dear, this is going over and over the old ground again. You'll wear me out, Madam. When Richard took first acting place at the works, it was judged advisable that he should alone sign the business checks—for convenience' sake, Madam; for convenience' sake. Gass's hands were crippled with gout; I was here with my flowers."

"I don't care who signs the checks so that I get the money," she retorted in a rude, rough tone. "You must give me some to-day."

"It is for Sidney; I know it is for Sidney," spoke Mr. North tremulously. "Madam, you are ruining that lad. For his own sake some check must be put upon him; and therefore I am thankful that to-day I have no money to give."

He took some short hurried steps over the corners of paths and flower-beds, with the last words, and got into his own room. Madam calmly followed. Very sure might he be that she would not allow him to escape her.

Ellen Adair, waiting for Mrs. Cumberland, had *not* felt the time long. Very shortly after she was left alone, the carriage came back from the station, bringing Arthur Bohun; Richard had been left at Whitborough. Captain Bohun got out at the gates, intending to walk up to the house. Ellen saw him come limping along—the halt in his gait was always more visible when he had been sitting for any length of time—and he at the same time caught sight of the bright hues of the lilac dress gleaming through the trees.

Some years back, the detachment commanded by Arthur Bohun was quartered in Ireland. One ill-starred night it was called out to suppress some local disturbances, and he got desperately wounded; shot, as was supposed unto death. That he would never be fit for service again; that his death, though it might be a lingering one, was inevitable; surgeons and friends alike thought. For nearly two years he was looked upon as a dying man; that is, as a man who could not possibly recover. But Time, the great healer, healed him; and he came out of his long sickness and danger with only a slight limp, more or less perceptible. When walking slowly, or when he took any one's arm, it was not seen at all. Mrs. North (who was proud of her handsome and distinguished son, although she had no love for him,) was wont to tell friends confidentially that he had a bullet in his hip yet—at which Arthur laughed.

The sight of the lilac dress caused him to turn aside. Ellen rose and stood waiting; her whole being was thrilling with the rapture the meeting brought. He took her hand in his, his face lighting.

"Is it indeed you, Ellen? I should as soon have expected to see a fairy here."

"Mrs. Cumberland has gone to call on Mr. North. She told me to wait for her."

"I have been with Dick to take my uncle and James to the station," spoke Captain Bohun, pitching upon it as something to say, for his tongue was never too fluent when alone with her. "He has been asking me to go and stay with him."

"Sir Nash has?"

"Yes. Jimmy invites nobody; he is taken up with his missionaries, and that."

"Shall you go?"

Their eyes met as she put the question. Go! away from her!

"I think not," he quietly answered. "Not at present. Miss Bohun's turn must come first: she has been writing for me this long while."

"That's your aunt."

"My aunt. And a good old soul she is. Won't you walk about a little, Ellen?"

She took the arm he held out, and they paced the covered walks, almost in silence. The May birds were singing, the budding leaves were dancing. Eloquence enough for them; and each might have detected the beating of the other's heart. Madam had her ear glued to that closet door, and so missed the sight. A sight that would have made her hair stand on end.

Minutes, for lovers, fly on swift wings. When Mrs. Cumberland appeared, it seemed that she had been away no time. Ellen went forward to meet her; and Captain Bohun said he had just come home from the station. Mrs. Cumberland, absorbed in her own cares, complaining of fatigue, took little or no notice of him; he strolled by their side up the Ham. Standing at Mrs. Cumberland's gate for a moment in parting, Oliver Rane came so hastily out of his house that he ran against them.

"Don't push me over, Rane," spoke Arthur Bohun in his lazy but very pleasing manner."

"I beg your pardon. When I am in a hurry I believe I am apt to drive on in a blindfold fashion."

"Is any one ill, Oliver?" questioned his mother.

"Yes. At Mrs. Gass's. I fear it is herself. The man who brought the message did not know."

"You ought to keep a horse," spoke Captain Bohun, as the doctor recommenced his course. "So much running about must wear out a man's legs."

"Ought!—oughts go for a great deal, don't they?" replied the doctor, looking back. "I ought to be rich enough to keep one; but I'm not."

Captain Bohun wished them good-day, and they went indoors. Ellen wondered to hear that Mrs. Cumberland was going out again. Feeling uneasy—as she said—on the score of the sudden illness, she took her way to the house of Mrs. Gass, in spite of the fatigue she had been complaining of. A long walk for her at any time. Arrived there, she found that lady in perfect health; it was one of her servants to whom Oliver had been summoned. The young woman had scalded badly her hand and arm.

"I was at the Hall this morning, and Mr. North showed me the anonymous letter," Mrs. Cumberland took occasion to say. "It evidently comes from a stranger; a stranger to us. The handwriting is entirely strange."

"So much the better, ma'am," heartily spoke Mrs. Gass. "'Twould be too bad to think it was writ by a friend."

"Oliver thinks it was Madam," pursued Mrs. Cumberland, dropping her voice. "At least—he has not gone so far as to say *he* thinks it, but that Mr. Alexander does."

"That's just the 'word he gave to me, ma'am. Alexander thought it, he said, but that he himself didn't know what to think, one way or the other. As well perhaps for us not to talk of it; least said is soonest mended."

"Of course. But I cannot help recalling a remark once innocently made by Arthur Bohun in my hearing: that he did not know anybody who could imitate different handwritings so well as his mother. Did you"—Mrs. Cumberland looked cautiously round—"observe the girl, Molly Green, take her handkerchief from her pocket while she stood here?"

"I didn't see her with any handkercher," was the answer, given after a pause of reflection. "Shouldn't think the girl's got one. She put her basket on the sideboard there, to come forward to my geraniums, and she stood stock still, while she looked at 'em. I don't say she didn't touch her pocket; but I never saw her at it."

"It might have been. These little actions often pass unnoticed. And it is so easy for any other article to slip up unseen when a handkerchief is drawn out of a pocket," concluded Mrs. Cumberland in a suppressed tone of almost trembling eagerness. Which Mrs. Gass noticed, and did not quite like.

But there's a little something yet to tell of Dallory Hall. When Madam followed her husband through the glass doors into his parlor, an unusually unpleasant scene ensued. For once Mr. North held out resolutely. He had no other resource, for he had not the money to give her, and did not know where to get it. That it was for Sidney, he well believed; and for that reason only would have denied it to the utmost of his poor feeble strength. Madam flounced out in one of her worst moods. Mrs. Cumberland's visit and the startling sight of Ellen Adair had brought to her unexampled annoyance. As ill-luck had it, she encountered Bessy in the hall, and upon her vented her dreadful temper. The short scene was a violent one. When it was over, the poor girl went shivering and trembling into her father's parlor. He had been standing with the door ajar, shrinking almost as much as Bessy, and utterly powerless to interfere.

"Oh child! if I could but save you from this!" he murmured, as they stood together before the window, and he fondly stroked the soft hair that lay on his breast. "It's one of the troubles that are wearing me out, Bessy; wearing me out before my time."

He burst into tears; perhaps her own sobs set him on; and they cried in concert. Bessy North was patient, meek, enduring; but meekness and patience can both be tried beyond their strength.

"Oliver Rane wants you; you know that, Bessy. If he could see his way clear to keep you, you should go to him to-morrow. Ay, though your poor brother has just been put into his grave."

Bessy lifted her head. In these moments of dire emotion, the heart speaks out without reticence.

"Papa, I would go to Oliver as he is now, and risk it," she said through her blinding tears. "I should not be afraid of our getting on: we'd make shift together, until better luck came. He spoke a word of this to me not long ago, but his lips were tied, he said, and he could not press it."

"He thought he had not enough for you."

"He thought you would not consider it so. *I* should, papa. And I think those who bravely set out to struggle on together, have as much happiness in their shifts and economy as others who begin with a fortune."

"We'll see; we'll see, Bessy. I'd like you to try it, if you are not afraid. I'll talk to Dick. But—mind!—not a word here," he added, glancing round at the door to indicate the precincts of Mrs. North. "We shall have to keep it to ourselves if we'd not get it frustrated. I wonder how much Oliver makes a year?"

"Not much; but he is advancing slowly. He has talked to me about it. What keeps one will keep two, papa."

"He'll come into about two hundred a year when his mother dies. And I fear she won't live long, by what she tells me. Poor Fanny! Not that I'd counsel anybody to reckon on dead men's shoes, child. Life's uncertain: he might die before her."

"He would not reckon on anything but his own exertions, papa. He told me a secret—that he is engaged on a medical work, writing it all his spare time. It is quite certain to take, he says, to be popular, and bring him good returns. Oh papa, there will be no doubt of our getting on. Let us risk it!"

What a bright, hopeful tone she spoke in—let us risk it!—her mild eyes shining, the tears dried on her cheeks. Mr. North caught the glad spirit, and resolved—Dick being willing; sensible Dick—that they should risk it. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Christianity of Charles Dickens.

A remarkable instance of the way in which *form* is frequently mistaken for substance, is before the public now in some of the criticisms upon the assumed absence of pronounced Christianity from the writings of Charles Dickens; and in vindication of the favorite author of the world of English readers some have thought it necessary to quote isolated passages from his works. This seems to us to be a mistake on both sides. Throughout the whole range of Dickens' works there is an all-pervading presence of the very essence of Christian practice. It is far more tangible, and has been infinitely more useful than if he had displayed verses from the Holy Scriptures on every page. One of his great services to mankind has been to exalt those who *do good* over those who merely talk in Scripture phrase, but seldom practice Christian precepts. The preaching of Scriptural sermons by a layman was incompatible with the effective performance of such a service. His voluminous works are a series of great practical sermons on the Saviour's answer to the Scribes when He was asked, "Which is the first commandment of all?" Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and "thy neighbor as thyself"—"there is none other commandment greater than these." If Dickens did not teach and work in the direct line of this great precept, we may look in vain for practical Christian morals in the works of any novelist.—*Public Ledger.*

HYDROPHOBIA.—A laborer in one of the Southern plantations was attacked with hydrophobia in its worst form, and was fastened in an out-house, as every one supposed, to die; but in one corner was a heap of raw onions, which was all the room contained. In a very short time, some one visiting the man, found him much better and the heap of onions much diminished. In a few days the man devoured the whole quantity of onions, and was entirely recovered. This may seem ridiculous, but it has been proven by actual experience.—*Industrial Protector.*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

MRS. WOOD'S NEW STORY.

We commenced in THE POST of May 21st Mrs. Henry Wood's new story.

It is entitled

BESSY RANE;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c., &c.

We think our readers will find BESSY RANE as powerfully written and deeply interesting as "George Canterbury's Will."

The commencement of "Bessy Rane" is an excellent time to commence new subscriptions to THE POST. Our readers will oblige us by suggesting this to their neighbors and friends.

INSTINCT OR INTELLIGENCE?

In a recent volume of essays by Mr. A. R. Wallace, one of the ablest of English naturalists, we find an article in which he takes ground against the almost universal belief that birds sing and build their nests by instinct—that is that they exhibit some special faculty by which they are enabled to perform their work without teaching or experience. Mr. Wallace says:

"It is objected that birds do not learn to make their nests as man does to build, for all birds will make exactly the same nest as the rest of their species, even if they have never seen one, and it is instinct alone that can enable them to do this. No doubt this would be instinct if it were true, and I simply ask for proof of the fact. This point, although so important to the question at issue, is always assumed without proof, and even against proof, for what facts there are, are opposed to it. Birds brought up from the egg in cages do not make the characteristic nest of their species, even though the proper materials are supplied them, and often make no nest at all, but rudely heap together a quantity of materials; and the experiment has never been fairly tried of turning out a pair of birds so brought up into an enclosure covered with netting, and watching the result of their untaught attempts at nest-making. With regard to the song of birds, however, which is thought to be equally instinctive the experiment has been tried, and it is found that young birds never have the song peculiar to their species if they have not heard it, whereas they acquire very easily the song of almost any other bird with which they are associated."

In proof that birds sing by imitation rather than by instinct, Mr. Wallace quotes from the Hon. Daines Barrington, who says: "I have educated nestling linnets under the three best singing larks—the skylark, woodlark, and titlark, every one of which, instead of the linnet's song, adhered entirely to that of their respective instructors. When the note of the titlark linnet was thoroughly fixed, I hung the bird in a room with two common linnets for a quarter of a year, which were full of song; the titlark linnet, however, did not borrow any passage from the linnet's song, but adhered steadfastly to that of the titlark." He then goes on to say that birds taken from the nest at two or three weeks old have already learnt the call-note of their species. To prevent this the birds must be taken from the nest when a day or two old, and he gives an account of a goldfinch which he saw which sang exactly like a wren. This bird had been taken from the nest at two or three days old, and had been hung at a window opposite a garden, where it had acquired the notes of the wren without having had any opportunity of learning even the call of the goldfinch.

These facts, and many others, might be quoted to render it certain that the peculiar notes of birds are acquired by imitation, as surely as a child learns English or French not by instinct, but by hearing the language spoken by its parents.

We have seen that in the first four or five days the young birds obtain some knowledge of the parent notes. This shows that they can both hear and remember; and it would be very curious if they could live for days and weeks in a nest and know nothing of its materials and the manner of its construction. When they come to build their own nest, therefore, they would naturally make one like that which they have seen. It would indeed be remarkable if they should go out of their way to get materials quite different from those used in the parent nest, and arrange them in a way they had seen no example of.

Mr. Wallace further states that if the nests of the same species of birds be examined, it will be found that some are constructed more carefully and elegantly than others, and he thinks that the best nests are generally built by the older birds,—showing thus a growth in skill similar to what we might reasonably expect, if his views on the subject are correct.

We recently published a statement relative to the nests of the swallows in Germany, which also bears upon this subject. It is alleged that the swallows have altered the style of their nests within a few centuries, and that they are now quite an improved habitation, the oval which they have adopted affording more room and more light than the former circular nest.

The following from a letter written by Dr. Buchanan to the Rev. Mr. Brown, of Calcutta, in 1806—as the account from which we quote says—is interesting in this connection:—

"I write this at the bottom of the lofty mountain called Cape Comorin, whose rocky head seems to overhang its base. The birds which build the pendulous nests are very numerous. At night, each of their little habitations is lighted up, as if to see company. The sagacious bird fastens a bit of clay to the top of the nest, and then picks up a fire-fly and sticks it upon the clay, to illuminate the dwelling, which consists of two rooms. Sometimes there are three or four flies, and the blaze of light in the little cell dazzles the eyes of the bats, which often kill the young of these birds."

One curious change in the habits of birds we have noticed within the last few years at Germantown. Three or four years ago, the Wood Thrush was one of our rarest birds—its delicious note being heard only in the still depths of the distant woods. But now these birds throng our shaded gardens. You hear them in every direction. And they are the least timid of our feathered visitants, making their nests so low that it is evident they have no fear of man, and showing the same pleasing confidence in other respects. It would seem evident that they have found that man is to be looked upon as a protector, not as an enemy; and as they are more valued than any other bird we have, so they, in turn, trust more implicitly in our friendship. Now if this change be not the result of intelligence, working in birds precisely as in human beings, we are not able to see the difference between intelligence and instinct. An apparently timid bird has become one of the most fearless—and our homes have gained in proportion. Early in these summer mornings, and frequently through the day, our gardens are vocal with the beautiful song of this once unfamiliar visitant.

THE CENSUS PAUL-PRYS.

For the *third* time this year are our citizens asked questions about their private monetary affairs, which the government has no right to ask. No doubt these statistics, if reliable, would be interesting—perhaps useful—but as their reliability cannot be depended upon, they are almost worthless. The *Inquirer* of this city says that the highest legal authority in Pennsylvania doubts the Constitutional right of the government to compel citizens to inform the census taker of the value of their real and personal estate. And certainly if the citizen has any reserved rights, the right to be secure against official Paul-Pryism one would think must be among the number.

THE INCOME TAX.

The Senate has stricken out the Income Tax from the Tax and Tariff Bill by 34 yeas to 33 nays. All the Democratic Senators and a number of the Republican Senators voted in the affirmative. It is to be hoped that this is the death-blow to this odious and inquisitorial Tax, which is unworthy of any Free country.

CONGRESSIONAL.—We are indebted to Senator Casserly, of California, for a copy of his able speech on the bill to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LESSON OF QUAKERISM. An essay read in Boston, Jan. 26, 1870. By AARON M. POWELL. In this Essay, Mr. Powell endeavors briefly to show what Quakerism is, and how much the world is indebted to it.

JEALOUSY; OR, TEVERINO. A Novel. By GEORGE SAND, Author of "Consuelo," "The Countess of Rudolstadt," etc. With a Biography of George Sand; and translated from the French by Oliver S. Leland. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

VENETIA. A Novel. By the Right Hon. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, author of "Lothair," "Henrietta Temple," "Vivian Grey," etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for July, contains a poem by Longfellow, and articles by Harriet Beecher Stowe, Bayard Taylor and others. Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE GALAXY, for July. An article on Museums of Art, &c., in America, by J. Jackson Jarves, is quite interesting. Frank Lee Benedict also has a short story. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE, Our Boys and Girls. Monthly part for June. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, for June. American Edition. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

CLARKE'S SHORT VOLUNTARIES FOR THE ORGAN. Selected and arranged by WILLIAM H. CLARKE, author of "New Method for Reed Organs," &c. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston; and also for sale by Lee & Walker, Philada.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH, and Journal of Physical Culture. For July. Published by Wood & Holbrook, New York. This number contains several excellent articles; one of the best is Mrs. Gleason's "Medical Education of Women."

THE TRANSATLANTIC MONTHLY. Containing Choice Selections from Foreign Current Literature Published by L. R. Hamersley & Co., Philada.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL. Monthly Part. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. The monthly parts of Appleton's Journal exhibit even more strikingly than the weekly numbers the great variety and scope of the contents, both literary and pictorial, of this periodical. We always take them up with a great deal of pleasure.

PUNCHINELLO. This week's number has been received from the publishers. The following is not badly turned:

DICKENS.

The homage of our world to thee,
Oh, Matchless Scribe! when thou wert here,
Was all that's loving in a Laugh,
And all that's tender in a Tear.

So, if with quiv'ring lip we name
The fellow Mortal who Departs,
A Smile shall call him back again,
To live Immortal in our Hearts.

O. C. K.

ONE evening, not long ago, the Empress of France, on approaching the chimney of the green drawing-room of the Tuileries, received a sudden electric shock. She drew back from the fire-place with vivacity, but called upon Madame De la Poese to take the place she had just occupied, whereupon Madame, with a sharp scream and a juvenile skip, darted back as if bitten by a snake. Then was his Majesty called to experience the mysterious effects of the invisible electric machine. But the Emperor was at a loss to ascertain the cause of the phenomenon, and a professor from the Sarbonne was sent for, who instantly pronounced it to proceed from the bear-skin which had been sent from Russia by General Fleury, and which had been laid before the hearth for the first time on that evening. The discovery gave rise to great amusement, and many interesting experiments were tried.

☞ A man who was the valedictorian at Harvard about ten years since, now rings the bell to start the horse cars in an Indiana town.

☞ A traveller, being at a coffee house with some gentlemen, was largely drawing on the credulity of the company. "Where did you say all these wonders happened, sir?" asked a gentleman present. "I can't exactly say," replied the traveller; "but somewhere in Europe—Russia, I think." "I should rather think It-a-ly," returned the other.

☞ Some of the hotels at Newport have reduced the price of board from $4.50 to $3.50 per day in order to compete with the cottage renting.

☞ We learn that at the annual meeting of the British Anti-Tobacco Society—"The report asserted that the lunatic asylums were filled with persons whose malady had been mainly produced by the use of tobacco. It also stated that smokers were generally tipplers, and impervious to the truths of religion."

☞ Mr. S. H. Hodgeson, of Liverpool, the author of a metaphysical essay entitled "Time and Space," and a gentleman who insists upon publishing his own books and binding them in white cloth, has just finished a work in two volumes called "The Theory of Practice, an Ethical Inquiry," which is said to be a formidable nut for metaphysicians to crack.

☞ We are now having the longest days of the year, there being fifteen hours between sunrise and sunset.

☞ Indiana lawyers are said to be doing a good business by getting up divorce clubs at commutation rates.

☞ The great addition to the wealth of the western states which has taken place since March last, may be estimated without much trouble from the statement of the simple fact that wheat sold in Milwaukee and Chicago, in March, for 72 to 73 cents per bushel, and is now quoted there from $1.15 to $1.17. This gain of wealth by the west, and consequent drain of currency from the east, will soon quiet the demand for more paper money.

☞ Hinton Rowan Helper, of "Impending Crisis" fame, has announced himself a Conservative Republican candidate for Congress in the Charlotte (N. C.) district.

☞ No official accounts have recently been received concerning affairs in Cuba, but private letters represent that the authorities there are much interested in preventing difficulties between the people and American citizens.

☞ A fifteen-year old female resident of New Albany, Indiana, advertises to teach three languages and to do housework at the same time.

☞ The Chinese are said to be remarkably successful agriculturists. Whereas many of the older farms in California have become almost completely exhausted and unproductive, the Chinese residents make the most fertile fields and gardens anywhere, even on the most arid patches of sandy shore. They have books giving full and minute directions regarding every branch of agriculture, and these are followed by successive generations without material change. What publisher will be the first to have these works translated and published in America?

☞ Dickens is said to have given, in Mr. Wilkins Micawber, a playful and extravagant portrait of his father, Mr. John Dickens, an impecunious clerk in the Navy Pay-office, whose overdue "notes" Charles collected and paid. We hope not.

☞ Colonel Akerman, of Georgia, was confirmed Attorney General by the Senate on Thursday, without objection and with exceptional promptitude. He is an Ex-Rebel officer, having been on Gen. Toombs' staff.

☞ "Mud, with the juice squeezed out," is what a little Wisconsin girl calls dust.

HOW I EDITED AN AGRICULTURAL PAPER ONCE.

BY MARK TWAIN.

I did not take the temporary editorship of an agricultural paper without misgivings. Neither would a landsman take command of a ship without misgivings. But I was in circumstances that made the salary an object. The regular editor of the paper was going off for a holiday, and I accepted the terms he offered, and took his place.

The sensation of being at work again was luxurious, and I wrought all the week with unflagging pleasure. We went to press, and I waited a day with some solicitude to see whether my effort was going to attract any notice. As I left the office, towards sundown, a group of men and boys at the foot of the stairs dispersed with one impulse, and gave me passage-way, and I heard one or two of them say: "That's him!" I was naturally pleased by this incident. The next morning I found a similar group at the foot of the stairs, and scattering couples and individuals standing here and there in the street, and over the way, watching me with interest. The group separated and fell back as I approached, and I heard a man say: "Look at his eye!" I pretended not to observe the notice I was attracting, but secretly I was pleased with it, and was purposing to write an account of it to my aunt. I went up the short flight of stairs, and heard cheery voices and a ringing laugh as I drew near the door, which I opened, and caught a glimpse of two young, rural-looking men, whose faces blanched and lengthened when they saw me, and then they both plunged through the window, with a great crash. I was surprised.

In about half an hour an old gentleman, with a flowing beard and a fine but rather austere face, entered, and sat down at my invitation. He seemed to have something on his mind. He took off his hat and set it on the floor, and got out of it a red silk handkerchief and a copy of our paper. He put the paper on his lap, and, while he polished his spectacles with his handkerchief, he said:

"Are you the new editor?"

I said I was.

"Have you ever edited an agricultural paper before?"

"No," I said; "this is my first attempt."

"Very likely. Have you had any experience in agriculture, practically?"

"No, I believe I have not."

"Some instinct told me so," said the old gentleman, putting on his spectacles and looking over them at me with asperity, while he folded his paper into a convenient shape. "I wish to read you what must have made me have that instinct. It was this editorial. Listen, and see if it was you that wrote it:

"'Turnips should never be pulled—it injures them. It is much better to send a boy up and let him shake the tree.'

"Now what do you think of that—for I suppose you wrote it?"

"Think of it? Why, I think it is good. I think it is sense. I have no doubt that, every year, millions and millions of bushels of turnips are spoiled in this township alone by being pulled in a half-ripe condition, when, if they had sent a boy up to shake the tree—"

"Shake your grandmother! Turnips don't grow on trees!"

"Oh, they don't, don't they? Well, who said they did? The language was intended to be figurative, wholly figurative. Anybody that knows anything, will know that I meant that the boy should shake the vine."

Then this old person got up and tore his paper all into small shreds, and stamped on them, and broke several things with his cane, and said I did not know as much as a cow; and then went out, and banged the door after him, and, in short, acted in such a way that I fancied he was displeased about something. But, not knowing what the trouble was, I could not be any help to him.

Pretty soon after this a long, cadaverous creature, with lanky locks hanging down to his shoulders and a week's stubble bristling from the hills and valleys of his face, darted within the door, and halted, motionless, with finger on lip, and head and body bent in listening attitude. No sound was heard. Still he listened. No sound. Then he turned the key in the door, and came elaborately tip-toeing towards me, till he was within long-reaching distance of me, when he stopped, and, after scanning my face with intense interest for awhile, drew a folded copy of our paper from his bosom, and said:

"There—you wrote that. Read it to me, quick! Relieve me—I suffer."

I read as follows—and as the sentences fell from my lips I could see the relief come—I could see the drawn muscles relax, and the anxiety go out of the face, and rest and peace steal over the features like the merciful moonlight over a desolate landscape:

"The guano is a fine bird, but great care is necessary in rearing it. It should not be imported earlier than June nor later than September. In the winter it should be kept in a warm place, where it can hatch out its young.

"It is evident that we are to have a backward season for grain. Therefore, it will be well for the farmer to begin setting out his corn-stalks and planting his buckwheat cakes in July instead of August.

"Concerning the Pumpkin. This berry is a favorite with the natives of the interior of New England, who prefer it to the gooseberry for the making of fruit-cake, and who likewise give it the preference over the raspberry for feeding cows, as being more filling and fully as satisfying. The pumpkin is the only esculent of the orange family that will thrive in the North, except the gourd and one or two varieties of the squash. But the custom of planting it in the front yard with the shrubbery is fast going out of vogue, for it is now generally conceded that the pumpkin, as a shade tree, is a failure.

"Now, as the warm weather approaches, and the ganders begin to spawn—"

The excited listener sprang toward me, to shake hands, and said:

"There, there—that will do! I know I am all right now, because you have read it just as I did, word for word. But, stranger, when I first read it this morning, I said to myself, I never, never, believed it before, notwithstanding my friends kept me under watch so strict, but now I believe I am crazy; and with that I fetched a howl that you might have heard two miles, and started out to kill somebody—because, you know, I knew it would come to that sooner or later, and so I might as well begin. I read one of them paragraphs over again, so as to be certain, and then I burned my house down and started. I have crippled several people, and have got one fellow up a tree, where I can get him if I want him. But I thought I would call in here as I went along, and make the thing perfectly certain; and now it *is* certain, and I tell you it is lucky for the chap that is in the tree. I should have killed him, sure, as I went back. Good-by, sir, good-by—you have taken a great load off my mind. My reason has stood the strain of one of your agricultural articles, and I know that nothing can ever unseat it now. *Good*-by, sir."

I felt a little uncomfortable about the cripplings and arsons this person had been entertaining himself with, for I could not help feeling remotely accessory to them; but these thoughts were quickly banished, for the regular editor walked in! I thought to myself: Now if you had gone to Egypt, as I recommended you, I might have had a chance to get my hand in, but you wouldn't do it, and here you are. I sort of expected you.]

The editor was looking sad, and perplexed, and dejected. He surveyed the wreck which that old rioter and those two young farmers had made, and then said:

"This is a sad business—a very sad business. There is the mucilage bottle broken, and six panes of glass, and a spittoon and two candlesticks. But that is not the worst. The reputation of the paper is injured, and permanently, I fear. True, there never was such a call for the paper before, and it never sold such a large edition, or soared to such celebrity; but does one want to be famous for lunacy, and prosper upon the infirmities of his mind? My friend, as I am an honest man, the street out here is full of people, and others are roosting on the fences, waiting to get a glimpse of you, because they think you are crazy. And well they might, after reading your editorials. They are a disgrace to journalism. Why, what put it into your head that you could edit a paper of this nature? You do not seem to know the first rudiments of agriculture. You speak of a furrow and a harrow as being the same thing; you talk of the moulting season for cows; and you recommend the domestication of the pole-cat on account of its playfulness and its excellence as a ratter. Your remark that clams will lie quiet if music be played to them was superfluous—entirely superfluous. Nothing disturbs clams. Clams *always* lie quiet. Clams care nothing whatever about music. Ah, heavens and earth, friend, if you had made the acquiring of ignorance the study of your life, you could not have graduated with higher honor than you could to-day. I never saw anything like it. Your observation that the horse-chestnut, as an article of commerce, is steadily gaining in favor, is simply calculated to destroy this journal. I want you to throw up your situation and go. I want no more holiday—I could not enjoy it if I had it. Certainly not with you in my chair. I would always stand in dread of what you might be going to recommend next. It makes me lose all patience every time I think of your discussing oyster-beds under the head of 'Landscape Gardening.' I want you to go. Nothing on earth could persuade me to take another holiday. Oh, why didn't you *tell* me you didn't know anything about agriculture?"

"*Tell* you, you cornstalk, you cabbage, you son of a cauliflower! It's the first time I ever heard such an unfeeling remark. I tell you I have been in the editorial business going on fourteen years, and it is the first time I ever heard of a man's having to know anything in order to edit a newspaper. You turnip! Who write the dramatic *critiques* for the second-rate papers? Why, a parcel of promoted shoemakers and apprentice apothecaries, who know just as much about good acting as I do about good farming and no more. Who review the books? People who never wrote one. Who do up the heavy leaders on finance? Parties who have had the largest opportunities for knowing nothing about it. Who criticise the Indian campaigns? Gentlemen who do not know a war-whoop from a wigwam, and who never have had to run a foot race with a tomahawk or pluck arrows out of the several members of their families to build the evening camp-fire with. Who write the temperance appeals and clamor about the flowing bowl? Folks who will never draw another sober breath till they do it in the grave. Who edit the agricultural papers, you—yam? Men, as a general thing, who fail in the poetry line, yellow-covered novel line, sensation drama line, city-editor line, and finally fall back on agriculture as a temporary reprieve from the poor-house. *You* try to tell *me* anything about the newspaper business! Sir, I have been through it from Alpha to Omega, and I tell you that the less a man knows the bigger noise he makes and the higher the salary he commands. Heaven knows if I had been but ignorant instead of cultivated, and impudent instead of diffident, I could have made a name for myself in this cold, selfish world. I take my leave, sir. Since I have been treated as you have treated me, I am perfectly willing to go. But I have done my duty. I have fulfilled my contract, as far as I was permitted to do it. I said I could make your paper of interest to all classes, and I have. I said I could run your circulation up to twenty thousand copies, and if I had had two more weeks I'd have done it. And I'd have given you the best class of readers that ever an agricultural paper had—not a farmer in it, nor a solitary individual who could tell a watermelon from a peach-vine to save his life. *You* are the loser by this rupture, not me, Pie-plant. Adios."

I then left.—*The Galaxy.*

☞ By a strange coincidence the first instalment of "Edwin Drood," the unfinished work of the late Charles Dickens, published since his demise, deals almost exclusively with graves and tombs, death, its mysteries and solemnities.

☞ A grocer in the suburbs, when complained to about selling bad eggs, said—"At this time of the year the hens are not well, and often lay bad eggs."

☞ On the frontier, in Kansas, audiences at the theatres have an original way of applauding actors and actresses. They give a regular Indian yell, patting their mouths with their hands all the time. A certain Eastern actress was thus applauded, which frightened her so she ran out the back way, hired a carriage, and rode twenty-five miles to the nearest railroad station, leaving the play in the middle. She said she was afraid they would scalp her.

☞ A Southern Governor is credited with vetoing a bill passed by the Legislature "for bad spelling and nonsense generally."

☞ The Red Stockings recently beat the Athletics at base ball in this city. But there is not much confidence in the fairness and honesty of these base ball matches now-a-days. Where there is so much betting there is apt to be cheating.

☞ A Western editor has hit upon a plan by which the "outrages on the American flag," which have been so frequent of late, can be avoided without resorting to bloodshed. He advises all American shipmasters not to carry any flag, and then no outrage can be perpetrated upon the precious emblem of liberty.

☞ An incident very strange in Jamaica and rare anywhere in the Episcopal Church occurred lately in Kingston. Three children of Baptist parents, now grown up, wished, on joining St. Michael's church, to be immersed. The rector, Mr. Pierce, consulted the bishop, who said, "there could be no objection to it," and the immersion took place.

☞ Confucius, who lived more than five centuries before Christ, when asked by one of his disciples, "Is there one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life?" replied—"Is not reciprocity such a word? What you do not want done unto yourself, do not unto others."

☞ England is being now washed away by denudation. It is only a matter of time when the sea will once more roll over it, and bury its cities, its lives, its loves, its treasures, its beauties, its ages of organic creations in the depths of the ocean, there to remain till some future changes of the earth's surface raise it once more to the wonder of beings who may then be existing on this ever-changing planet.—*Herdma's Speculative Cosmology.*

☞ It is computed that every year the Mississippi carries to the Gulf a bulk of soil a mile square and nearly three hundred feet deep. In time, therefore, New Orleans must become a far-inland city.

☞ In Cobden, Ill., last week, two females discussed politics, became enraged, when one seized a knife and fatally stabbed the other. If female politicians demean themselves in this wise before they have the ballot, and are eligible to office, what is to be expected of them when they solicit votes and strive for the spoils of public positions of profit?

☞ The projectors of the vast New York failure, the Beethoven Festival, are out of pocket $50,000.

☞ It is said that Handel being asked by a Mr. Greene in regard to his compositions and their value, promised to look at the manuscript and give him an answer next day. When G. called, Handel seemed not disposed to speak about the manuscript, but when asked he said: "Id needsh air, and sho I put it out of my window."

☞ The submarine telegraph being completed to India, there is now uninterrupted communication between India and the United States. C. W. Fields writes:—"I trust that within one year the cables from India to Australia and to China will have been successfully submerged, and that in 1873 a cable will be laid from California to the Sandwich Islands, Japan and China, thus completing telegraphic communication around the world." Congratulatory telegrams have passed between the Viceroy of India and the Prince of Wales, and President Grant.

☞ A foreign scientific journal points out the danger of permitting water intended for domestic or industrial purposes to come in contact with zinc. The author shows that water kept in zinc reservoirs or collected from zinc roofs, invariably contains more or less of that metal in solution, and states that its use will inflict considerable injury on health. To avoid the danger he recommends that the zinc employed for such purposes be painted with asphalte varnish or any iron pigment.

☞ The Quakers are discussing the question, "What shall we do to keep our young people among us?" Widen their pastures.

☞ We have it on the authority of a leading Boston paper that but 60,000 people habitually attend divine service in that city in a population of 300,000.

☞ A rooster in Denver has been laboring under the suspicion of being insane for some time, because he persists in trying to lay. He gets upon the nest twenty times a day, and comes off cackling every time, making fuss enough for a dozen eggs. Of course, he accomplishes nothing, but he interrupts the lady members of his household, who have to stand round waiting while the absurd old fellow wastes time in his abortive attempts.

☞ Epicurean Youth (at the Sunday morning breakfast table in Boston)—"Please give me some butter, father?" Paterfamilias—"What! Butter on beans! *Butter on the richest of food!* No, my son."

☞ The Catholic papers of this country are not more brotherly than the Protestant. The Catholic, of Pittsburg, is severe on the Freeman's Journal; and the New York Tablet charges the Brooklyn Register with fomenting divisions. Differences on infallibility make the trouble.

☞ Ward, the American filibuster, was believed by the Chinese to be the greatest general that had existed for two thousand years, and he is now worshipped as a deity.

☞ When Gen. Banks's voice failed him in his recent Cuban speech, an outsider was cruel enough to make a remark to the effect that "Another of the National Banks had busted."

☞ "His death eclipsed the gayety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure." This eulogy of Dr. Johnson upon Garrick has been aptly applied to Dickens.

☞ A pretty thing overheard at the Academy. Old Lord Blankington, who is as short-sighted as he is gallant, passed pretty Mrs. Rippe in the crowd in his usual unconscious manner. Not to be denied, the lady gave chase, and, having hunted him down, exclaimed reproachfully: "Lord Blankington, you passed me without giving me even a look." "If I had looked, madam," answered the old beau, "I could not have passed."

☞ Whittemore, cadet-broker, recently re-elected from South Carolina, has been refused a seat in Congress by 89 yeas to 124 nays.

☞ The children of a Maine farmer, while playing Indians in the pasture the other day, drove the cows over a precipice, killing and maiming the whole herd.

☞ A Nevada editor says Olive Logan is "the most right up and snappy ebullition of womanly git up and git that we ever had the pleasure of meeting."

☞ A prudent young gentleman who earns his living in one of the factories of Lawrence borrowed $2 of a young lady acquaintance and took her to the circus. On pay day he refunded very promptly, but deducted the fifty cents her circus ticket cost him. He was not certain that he was going to have her. After that she was quite certain he wasn't.

☞ The Irish Times, printed at Durham, says Dickens left a fortune of £80,000 sterling.

☞ The N. Y. Post thinks there are, on the whole, few things a woman can do so well as marry.

☞ Many people assembled recently to listen to a sermon of Dean Stanley, of Westminster Abbey, on the late Charles Dickens. Part of the last will of Mr. Dickens was read. In that he declines a monument, but rests his fame on his published works. He also urges his children to practice Christianity in a broad spirit, not accepting the narrow construction of any man or any sect. The Dean closed with a glowing tribute to the illustrious dead.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—12,000 bbls, in lots, at $5@5,85 for superfine; $5,25@5,50 for extra; $6@7,12½ for North-West extra family; $6,25@6,75 for Pennsylvania extra family; $6@7 for Ohio extra family; $6@6,75 for Indiana family, and $7,50@9 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. 400 bbls of Rye Flour sold at $5,25.

GRAIN—700 bus of Indiana red sold at $1,45; 1600 bus do at $1,42; 2000 bus Pennsylvania red at $1,45; 3000 bus Pennsylvania red at $1,45. Corn—50,000 bus Pennsylvania yellow at $1,07@1,11, and 40,000 bus of mixed Western at $1,05@1,07 ₱ bus. Oats—75,000 bus sold at 60@61c for Western, and 63@65c ₱ bus for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—New mess Pork at $20,50@21. Mess Beef is quoted at $21@23 ₱ bbl for city packed extra family. Beef Hams at $34@36 ₱ bbl. Bacon—Plain and fancy canvassed hams at 19@21c; Excelsior hams at 22c; sides at 16@18c, and shoulders at 13½@14c. Green Meats—300 tcs pickled hams at 18½@19c, and shoulders in salt at 13c. Lard—500 bbls and tcs at 16@16½c for steam and kettle rendered; kegs 17½c. Butter—Good roll at 23@28c; very choice do 30c; choice New York tub at 29@30, Penna and Western and solid packed ranges from 13 to 18c. Cheese—Sales at 14@15½c. Eggs at 25@26c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—250 bales middlings sold at 21½@22c for uplands and 22@22½c ₱ ℔ for New Orleans.

BARK—Sales of No. 1 Quercitron at $27 ₱ ton.

FRUIT—Dried Peaches and Apples—Sales of Apples at 5@8c, and Peaches at 7@8c for quarters, 8@9c for halves, and 17@20c for pared.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₱ 100 ℔s, $1,30@1,35; mixed do, $1,15@1,20; Straw, $1,20@1,30.

IRON—There is very little doing; 1000 tons of No. 1 sold at $22@23; No. 2 is quoted at $21@21,50. In Scotch Pig we hear of no sales worthy of notice. Bar Iron is quoted at $70@77 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—Clover seed is dull at $7@8. Timothy at $7@8. Flaxseed at $2,25@2,35 ₱ bushel.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1900 head. The prices realised from 10@10¼ cts ₱ ℔. 150 Cows brought from $40 to 70 ₱ head. Sheep—15,000 head were disposed of at from 5@6½c ₱ ℔. 3000 Hogs sold at from $11,00 to 12,00 ₱ 100 lbs.

SHAKESPEARE'S AUTOGRAPH, with 4000 changes in spelling the name, sent, prepaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address C. T. WARD, 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. ja26-4t

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan use "PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION." The only reliable and harmless remedy known to science for removing brown discolorations from the face. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere. jy2-tf

A Question in Many Homes.

The fine times when we could all live on the fat of the land have gone by, perhaps never to return. Of late, the question how to obtain the largest amount of wholesome, palatable nourishment at the lowest possible price, has been earnestly discussed in thousands of American homes. The introduction of SEA MOSS FARINE as a national food staple, solves that problem. From no other article under the sun can the same amount of delicious fare be obtained for the same cost. The custards, Charlottes, jellies, puddings, &c., made from it are "fit for Juno when she banquets;" and as a clarifier for refining cider and other fermented potables, it has no equal. The SEA MOSS FARINE CO., who own the patent for the article, have their central depot at 52 Park Place, New York, and within twelve months they have established a business of immense magnitude and importance.

Pearls and Rubies.

When rosy lips part, pearls should glitter behind them. To preserve and beautify the dental enamel, there is no preparation like SOZODONT, a compound of the most wholesome vegetable antiseptics, among which the Bark of the South American Soap Tree, known to the natives as Quillay, and used by the Spanish Americans for cleansing without impairing, the most delicate fabrics, is most important.

"SPALDING'S GLUE" will just suit you.

Interesting to Ladies.

"My Grover & Baker Machine was purchased about nine years ago. For nearly seven years it was employed almost constantly in heavy work; ladies' cloaks, men's and boys' clothing and the like, yet when the occasion required would perform the finest work with entire satisfaction. For two years it has been doing family sewing of every variety, and it works equally as well as it did when first purchased."—*Mrs. J. M. Washburn, West Stafford, Conn.*

The Prettiest Woman in New York.

Miss E——, well known in our fashionable society for her *distingue* appearance and beautiful complexion, was once a sallow, rough-skinned girl, chagrined at her red, freckled face. She pitched into Hagan's Magnolia Balm, and is now as pretty in complexion as she is charming in manners. This article overcomes freckles, tan, sallowness, moth-patches, ring-marks, etc., and makes one look ten years younger than they are. Magnolia Balm for a transparent complexion, and Lyon's Kathairon to make the hair plentiful, luxuriant, soft and delicate, have no rivals. The Kathairon prevents the hair from turning gray, eradicates dandruff, and is the best and cheapest dressing in the world. jy2-6t

Be Beautiful, Restore Nature's Losses.

Use "*London Hair Color Restorer*" to restore the gray hairs and insure a luxurious growth. The best in the world. Price 75 cents. Address orders to Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth st., Philadelphia. Sold everywhere. je18-eowtf

MESSRS. WANAMAKER & BROWN, of this city, claim to have the largest clothing house in America. Even New York, they say, cannot boast of an establishment like Oak Hall. We have purchased clothing there repeatedly, and been well suited as to cut and price. ap30-tf

YOUNG LADIES wishing to become Theoretical and Practical Musicians and teachers in the shortest time and at the least possible expense, upon the Piano, Organ, Guitar, Harp, and desiring further information will please apply for circular to the Principal of Music Vale Seminary, Music Vale, London Co., Conn.

Music Vale Seminary

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

For Comedones, Black-worms or Grubs, Pimply Eruptions and Blotched disfigurations on the Face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. It contains no LEAD POISON. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Send for Circular. ap16-6m

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York.

BEAUTY! BEAUTY!!

Strong, Pure, and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clean Skin, and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through Dr.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting those wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases, but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid dark, bilious appearance, and white bone dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back along the loins. In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent aided by the application of Radway's Ready Relief to the spine and small of the back, and the bowels regulated with one or two of Radway's Regulating Pills per day, will soon make a complete cure. In a few days, the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge his water naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural clear, and amber or sherry color.

Price one dollar per bottle. Sold by druggists everywhere. feb 19-tf

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul Charming, 400 pages cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men, or animals at will, how to mesmerize, become trance, or writing mediums, Divinations, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to marriage, &c., all contained in this book, 100,000 copies sold. Agents wanted. For particulars address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & Co. 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia, Pa. my21-6m

Health's Best Defence.

"The weak eateth herbs," says St. Paul, so that eighteen hundred years ago the value of medicinal plants was appreciated. In the Old Testament botanical remedies are repeatedly recommended, but in no passage of sacred history is man recommended to swallow calomel, or blue pill, or any other mineral preparation. The sick were directed to eat herbs to strengthen them, to purify them, to heal them, to restore them. In that day the art of making vegetable extracts was unknown. The herbal medicines were mere infusions.

It was reserved for a later age to unite the sanitary essences of tonic, aperient and anti-bilious roots, barks, and plants, with an active stimulant, and thus secure their rapid diffusion through the debilitated or disordered system. The crowning triumph of this effective mode of concentrating and applying the virtues of medicinal vegetables was achieved in the production of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. Never before had a perfectly pure alcoholic stimulant been combined with the expressed juices of the finest specifics of the vegetable kingdom. Never yet, though eighteen years have elapsed since its introduction, has this great restorative been equalled. It is taken at all seasons, in all climes, as the most potent safeguard against epidemics, as a protection against all unhealthy exhalations that produce debility or beget disease; as a remedy for intermittent and other malarious fevers; as an appetizer; as a sovereign cure for dyspepsia; as a general tonic and invigorant; as a gentle, painless aperient; as a blood depurant; as a nervine; as a cure for bilious affections; as a harmless anodyne; and as the *best defence of health* under unfavorable circumstances, such as sedentary pursuits, undue bodily or mental exertion, hardship, privation and exposure. jy2-5t

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 135 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEDDEN & Co., sep4-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th of June, by the Rev. J. S. Kennard, Mr. STEPHEN H. CHILDS to Miss MARIA L. VICKERY, both of this city.

On the 16th of June, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, JOSEPH TH. DE SILVER, Esq., to Miss ANTONIA C. P. W. PAQUET, both of this city.

On the 15th of June, by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, D. D., WILLIAM W. WESLEY to MARY, daughter of John W. Forney.

On the 16th of June, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. HERBERT VAN DERHIFT to Miss JANE E. McCLEAN, daughter of the late David McClean, Esq., both of this city.

On the 16th of June, by the Rev. D. A. Cunningham, Mr. JOHN M. ATWOOD to Miss SARAH J. CHARLTON, both of this city.

On the 16th of June, by the Rev. John F. Chaplain, D. D., T. FLETCHER QUIGLEY to Miss SUSIE P. BOYER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 19th of May, 1870, at his residence in West Milton, Ohio, SAMUEL HARPER, in his 85th year.

On the 21st of June, Mrs. SARAH JOHNSTON, in her 85th year.

On the 21st of June, AMOS D. STINNEL, in his 23d year.

On the 20th of June, Mr. OLIVER WISE, in his 61st year.

On the 19th of June, Mrs. ELIZABETH H. SHARP, in her 73d year.

On the 19th of June, M. LOUISA DAVISON, in her 18th year.

On the 18th of June, Miss SARAH A. THOMPSON, in her 18th year.

On the 16th of June, JAMES F. PRESTON, in his 32d year.

On the 17th of June, WILLIAM ELLIOTT, in his 47th year.

On the 17th of June, GEORGE W. RUSSELL, in his 59th year.

PROSPECTUS.

Easy Way to Get a Sewing Machine.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for publication:—

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

A large Premium Engraving is given to every full ($2.50) subscriber.

☞ **Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines given as a Premium for 30 ☞ subscribers and $75.00, or 20 subscribers and $60.00.**

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

SPINNING.

Spinning a slender flaxen thread
That sudden is snapped in twain—
Dreaming over an idle dream
Whose sweetness is lost in pain—
Spinning and dreaming from morn to eve.
Is all the dreaming in vain?

White-winged butterflies flitting among
The golden bloom of the grass;
Red moss-roses with rich perfume
That the light winds kiss and pass;
April sunshine, then April cloud,
And a sad heart sighing "Alas!"

Spinning, spinning a tangled thread
With many a break and join,
Many a fret and many a knot
Spun to one complex line:
It takes a knotted and much-pieced thread
To weave out the life divine.

Royal white lilies in chalice pearl
Gathering the dews of heaven;
Glorious trail of shining stars
Over the dark night driven;
A fountain with bubbling crystal wave
And a golden bowl that's riven.

The sun glints in through the twining vine,
And the bird sings on the bough—
The spinner hears but one heart-struck chord,
And the sun is darkened now:
She spins and dreams o'er the broken thread
A dream of a broken vow.

Love Up a Gum-Tree.

AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.

New South Wales is a colony peculiarly liable to floods. Its rivers usually take their rise amongst the lofty mountain ranges of the interior, and in the early part of their course are joined by numberless tributary streams. When the rainy season has set in, which generally commences about the middle of May, the down-pour sometimes continues for six weeks at a time, and then these rivers overflow their banks and flood the surrounding country far and near, forming in many places miniature seas. Upon these occasions hundreds of farmers are ruined, thousands of sheep and cattle generally destroyed, and not unfrequently many valuable lives lost. The Weekly Dispatch, in a recent article on emigration to New South Wales, which, by-the-bye, is more full of errors than it is of truisms, ignores all this, when, in touching on farming, it speaks in terms of unqualified praise of the rich lands lying in proximity to the rivers, as if in these localities the "new arrivals" should unhesitatingly settle down. With all due deference to the Dispatch, I would remark that if any one desires to run a great risk of being ruined every three years, and at the same time, very probably, of being drowned into the bargain, he could not do better than follow the advice tendered; but if he wishes to thrive and grow rich with any degree of certainty, he could not adopt a more foolish plan.

Perhaps the district most liable to disastrous floods in the whole colony is the broad vale of the Hunter, where every few years thousands of acres are submerged with a suddenness that is truly appalling. Houses are frequently buried even above the chimney-tops beneath the waters, which rapidly form an inland sea of at least fifteen miles long by nine or ten in breadth.

In the year 1851, I, being one of the Australian mounted police,* was quartered at Windsor, a neat little township about eighteen miles distant from Sydney, the metropolis of the colony, and for some months I had been chiefly engaged in the arduous and by no means romantic duty of hunting for illicit stills, of which it was supposed there were several in the neighborhood. I certainly did my best to discover their whereabouts, but was completely unsuccessful, and after traversing the country day after day, in every kind of disguise, until I must have travelled on foot and on horseback many hundreds of miles, I at last gave the matter up as a bad job.

If I had not discovered a still, I had, however, in the course of my wanderings found what gave me far greater delight, for I had fallen across one of the prettiest and most lovable little girls that an Australian or any other sun ever had the honor of shining upon, and, what was better, I had so far ingratiated myself into her good graces as to win her promise that she would never marry any one but me.

Our acquaintance had commenced in a romantic manner enough; I had rescued her from a wild cow, who would certainly have gored her had I not interposed and shot the brute. She was too frightened to walk home alone, and so I accompanied her, was introduced to her parents as a matter of course, and as they were profuse in their thanks, and begged me henceforth to look upon their house as my home, I simply took them at their word, and thenceforth every other evening, and sometimes oftener, my charger would be comfortably stalled for hours at a time in Farmer Martin's stable, and meanwhile the pretty Gertrude and myself would either be wandering by the river side, studying poetry, together in the old summer-house, or, as the cold weather drew on, playing chess in the snug little back parlor.

Thus matters continued until the rainy season set in, but instead of being deterred by the steady down-pours, my visits became, if possible, more numerous than ever, and through the slushy lowlands, where the water was often up to my horse's knees, I nightly jogged, like a marine centaur to visit my inamorata.

By-and-by the father's suspicions were aroused. "Could it be possible that a mounted trooper wearing Her Majesty's uniform would ride nightly nine miles through mud and slush, and thunder and lightning, and rain and wind, to drink a glass of grog and smoke a pipe with an old man of sixty?" So soliloquised the farmer, and his whole stock of common sense, of which he had an abundant supply, emphatically answered the mental query with "Not a bit of it!"

"It's the girl he's after, and it's time to put a stop to the nonsense," was the conclusion he arrived at, and so the very next evening that I rode over, before Gertrude and I could half finish our third game at chess, Mr. Martin put his head into the room, and said, in a dry, dignified kind of way—

"Hem! Could I speak with you a few minutes in the front parlor, Mr. Rush?"

I think I knew then what was coming, and so did Gertrude, for she grew very pale and upset the board in her agitation, so that kings, queens, bishops, knights, and all the smaller fry went rolling over the floor. I followed the old gentleman into the apartment indicated, that horrid room wherein everything was buried either in chintzes, or wrapped round with yellow muslin, and wherein a fire was never lighted more than once or twice a year. Here he opened the trenches, not angrily, but calmly, determinedly, cold-bloodedly informing me that his daughter never could be mine, for that he was a tolerably rich man, and he had resolved never to wed his child to one who was not possessed of a portion equal to her own.

In vain I told him how much I loved his daughter, that she loved me in return, and that we could never exist apart from each other. The old man smiled sarcastically at my rapsodies, and pointing to my uniform, said—

"The man whose very coat is not his own, and whose pay is never likely to exceed seven-and-sixpence a day, cannot wed my *heiress*."

He laid a strong stress on the last word, and I don't know what possessed me to retort—

"And what may be the extent of your present wealth, Mr. Martin?"

The question was certainly a rude one, but the old gentleman did not take it as such, and answered simply—

"Well, three months ago I had four thousand pounds in the Bank of Australasia, but I have taken it all out and expended it in the purchase of additional stock and improvements on my farm. My wealth is all around me, Mr. Rush; I daresay I am worth twelve thousand pounds at the least, and Gertrude will be the sole possessor thereof when I and her mother are dead."

"Then you don't object to me in myself, Mr. Martin, but only because I am poor," I said, bitterly.

"Just so, my boy—I object on principle; but to show you that I bear you no personal ill-will, come into the kitchen, and we will honor your last evening amongst us, by a glass of my best grog and some tobacco, such as you have not tasted for many a long day."

"Stay yet a moment," I cried. "Were I as rich a man as yourself, Mr. Martin, would you give me your child?"

"Ay, that would I, lad, right willingly."

"And directly I am as rich as you, if Gertrude is then single, will you consent to our marriage?"

"Verily I will, on my word of honor, Mr. Rush. But why talk of impossibilities?" he added. Where are you going to raise a sudden fortune?"

"Ah, where was I?" My heart sank as I asked myself the question, and I followed the old farmer into the kitchen in almost heartbroken silence.

A bright fire was blazing on the hearth, for grates are still very rare in Australia—in fact, they would be ill adapted to hold the great logs of red-gum and shea-oak that form the invariable fuel. Presently glasses and pipes were laid on the table, and I did my best to rekindle hope within my breast by the aid of hollands and "Barret's twist," though with very ill success.

On the other side of the fire sat Mrs. Martin, a comely dame of fifty years, fully as broad as she was long, and with a mind wholly given to the concerns of the dairy and the manufacture of orange marmalade.

Gertrude, knowing that something was wrong, but scarcely guessing what, nestled up to my side, and to my great joy her father did not check her. And thus we sat for a long while, neither of us speaking a word, but listening to the pattering rain and howling wind without, and to the groaning of the great forest trees as their branches were swayed and tossed by the blast.

Anon there came another sound, a loud, but yet a soothing murmur, like the sighing of a summer breeze amid a cork wood. No one seemed to notice it but myself, and I only did so as wondering how so gentle and musical a sound could make itself audible above the uproar of wind and tempest. Suddenly, however, there broke upon our ears the dashing open of a gate, and a man's voice shouting, "Martin! Martin! if you value your life look sharp!—the river has overflowed its banks—the waters are out!" And we heard the splash, splash, of his horse's feet as the warning visitant rode away.

"Water out!—impossible!" muttered the old farmer. "Why, bless my heart! the river was not on a level with its banks by a good six inches this morning, and we've had no rain to speak of since."

"You don't know what weather it has been amongst the mountains, though, Mr. Martin," I said; "and hark! put your ears to the floor; by heavens the warning was a timely one—we have not a minute to lose!"

We all bent our heads and listened, and now we could plainly hear a hollow gurgling sound under our feet, and little jets of spray leaped up between the crevices of the floor. The house, according to a common custom in the colonies, was built on piles, and thus the down-stair rooms were about three feet above the ground, between which and the flooring the angry waters were now fretting and fuming, and dashing against the stout wood-work with momentarily increasing power.

The women began to cry—the farmer was too stupefied to move.

"This will never do," I said; "there is not a moment to be lost. I can take one of you up behind me on my horse, and I know that Carlo and I will pull through it somehow; the rest had better get up-stairs, or, if possible, on to the roof, and with the first peep of dawn I'll send a boat to bring you off. Now, then, who is to go with me?"

I was very much afraid that Martin would bid me take the old lady, but both the parents cried out to me to save Gertrude. I lost no time in acting. I flew to the front door, ran down the four steps that led to the garden, and with the water over the tops of my Napoleon boots, made my way to the stable. Mine was the only steed there, for Australian settlers seldom stall their horses, and the poor fellow was very miserable and frightened. I did not stop to reassure him, however, but had him round to the house-door in a minute, and then Gertrude, after bidding a weeping adieu to her parents, sprang up behind me, and away we dashed into storm and tempest.

It was indeed a wild and fearful night. The moon shone brightly, but every minute or two her light was obscured by black pall-like clouds that were tearing with mad velocity across the sky, and then it was so dark that I could not see my horse's head before me. In the brief intervals of ghastly white light I could perceive that we were surrounded by a sea of waters; scarcely a speck of dry land was to be seen. True, the flood was as yet very shallow, scarcely above Carlo's knees, but I knew how rapidly it would deepen, and I urged the good steed on in the direction of the town as quickly as possible.

Gertrude's arms encircled my waist, and she clung to me with fear. Often I turned my head to speak to her a few words of encouragement and hope, but I was too anxious to secure her safety and my own to say much. She was warmly wrapped up in shawls, and as she was an excellent horsewoman, I had little fear of her falling off, though the wind was blowing strong enough to whirl her from her seat.

Before we had got more than a mile from the farm the rain recommenced with redoubled fury, and in a few minutes we were both of us wet through. The wind, too, grew from a gale into a hurricane, and amid the continuous roar of the thunder, and flash of the pale lightning, we could see huge boughs of trees hurtling through the air, and now and then heard a mighty crash as some aged monarch of the plain fell prone to earth.

Suddenly a flash of forked lightning darted right across Carlo's eyes, and with a snort of terror he reared nearly upright.

"Hold on, Gertrude," I cried, endeavoring to throw my right arm around her to prevent her from slipping off.

I was too late—she had fallen. I heard a splash in the water, a cry, and the darkness hid her from my sight. Just, however, as I was about to give way to despair, another flash of lightning revealed her to me standing amid the flood, at not a dozen yard's distance. I spurred towards her, and presently she was again seated on Carlo's broad back.

The excitement of this event, and the turning of my horse round and round in quest of her, had made me forget the proper direction to town, so that we now rode not knowing whither we were heading.

Meanwhile the waters had grown deeper each moment, and presently I discovered that Carlo was swimming. I had not felt fear until now, but I must admit that a great dread crept over me when I found that whichever way I guided my charger he could not touch the ground. I knew that, weighted as he was, he could not keep afloat for long, and each moment he seemed to sink lower and lower in the water.

At this critical juncture of affairs the moon shone out again, and lit up the scene as though it had been broad daylight. Far as the eye could reach not a speck of dry land was visible, but to my great joy I perceived that near us stood a huge blue gum-tree, whose boughs were so disposed as easily to be scaled.

"Do you think you can climb that tree, Gertrude? It is our only hope," I said.

She answered feebly in the affirmative, and with some little difficulty I swam Carlo alongside.

Under the tree he regained his footing, and I was glad of this, for he was thus enabled to stand steady for my poor little companion to clamber into the lowest branches from his back. When she had effected this, I took off his bridle so that he should not catch his feet in it if he had again to swim for his life, and then Gertrude and I got some twenty feet higher up in the "blue gum," and paused to rest.

Shawls and wraps had long ago fallen from off her and been lost, and now poor Gertrude was exposed to all the inclemency of the weather in the low-necked, short-sleeved dress that she had worn during the evening. How her beautifully-moulded and snow-white arms were scratched by the rough tree-bark in climbing, and as the rain poured down through the thin vertical foliage, the drops glittered on her polished shoulders and trickled down her hair.

"Why, Gertrude, you look a veritable Undine," I said, and having no cape or overcoat to protect her, I doffed my uniform jacket and made her put it on. We then sat side by side, and putting my arm around her neck, I told her all about my interview with her father that evening.

"And did papa really say that as soon as you were as rich as himself he would let you marry me, Willie?"

"Yes, Gertrude, he gave me his word of honor to that effect."

"Then he will not break it," she replied. "Poor papa, this night has made him a ruined man; all his wealth was invested in improvements on his land and in increasing his stock. It is all lost now, so that you may claim me sooner than you thought for, Willie."

This view of the case had never struck me before, and I nearly jumped off the gum-tree, in, I fear, a most selfish ecstasy of delight. I had to control my feelings, however, and exert all my powers in comforting Gertrude, who, now that the excitement attending our own escape was over, began to entertain a thousand fears concerning the fate of her parents. At last I succeeded in convincing her that it was a matter of impossibility for the flood to cover the house before rescue came in the morning, and thereupon she grew more composed, and our thoughts reverted to our hopes and fears, and amid the pelting rain and the howling wind, and the close sultry atmosphere, and the still rapidly rising waters below, she nestled in my arms, and we talked of the future until the cold gray dawn aroused us from our seventh heaven of bliss.

Well, to make a long story short, after another three hours' perch we perceived some boats coming from the direction of Windsor, and by the aid of a brilliant scarlet handkerchief that I fortunately possessed, we signalled them, attracted their attention, and were in due time taken on board. At my instigation we then rowed to Mr. Martin's farm, and saved the old gentleman and lady from a chimney-top whereon they were both sitting with their legs crooked up out of the flood. We were only just in time; that chimney-pot, an hour later, was under water.

Two months later Gertrude Martin became Mrs. William Rush. The old man kept his word, and our position was not so bad after all, for three weeks previous to my marriage a distant relative in England died, leaving me an annuity of £100, so that with the addition of my pay, 7s. 6d. a day, we began housekeeping very comfortably.

Mr. Martin has retrieved his losses, and now possesses a capital farm at Parramatta. He has abjured for ever the rich alluvial lands bordering on flood-devastating rivers.

*The Australian mounted police number as many gentlemen of good birth and education in their ranks as any crack English cavalry regiment does amongst its officers. The life of a trooper has always been the last resource of the poor gentleman, who, having no profession at his fingers' ends, cannot dig, and to beg is ashamed.

Young People of the Period.

FROM LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

I am an old woman, Mr. Editor (writes a friend for whose communication we gladly make room in this department of the Magazine), but I am not in the least conservative after the manner of my kind. I have a weakness for the ways and fashions of the hour, and can smile cheerfully upon my eldest grand-daughter when she appears before me crepee, panieree and flounced to the height of the mode. She looks pretty, and I confess the fact. As long as she neither paints her face nor dyes her hair I can see no harm in her dainty and fantastic attire. Girls did not dress so in my day, to be sure. But then, in my day steamboats were scarce, and railroads and telegraphs were not. I should as soon yearn after a journey by stage-coach and canal-boat as to desire to see the young girls of the period attired in calico, with their hair combed tightly over their ears. Nor did I ever dress in that simple, be-praised and unesthetic fashion myself. The mute evidence of my portrait, painted when I was just twenty-two, proves to me that I wore a black silk dress, a lace cape and sundry articles of jewelry, and that I built up my hair into a most astonishing edifice of puffs and bows, three times more difficult to construct than a modern chignon would be. I like the charming little concoctions of lace and ribbons and flowers which we call bonnets, and which replace the satin cartwheels of my girlhood. I like duplex elliptics, and do not sigh after the days when a fashionable lady could with difficulty step across a gutter by reason of the narrowness of her skirts. I like street-cars and railroads and telegraphs and gas-lamps and furnace fires. I took laughing-gas the other day to have a tooth extracted. I paid forty dollars last month for a new chignon (gray hairs being expensive, you see); and I must own that I think the dress of the present day infinitely more comfortable, sensible and healthful than were the styles in vogue almost forty years ago. Thin slippers and open-worked stockings and low-necked dresses, with embroidered muslin capes for street wear, scanty, tightly-cut and insufficient clothing at all times, and gigantic and cumbersome head-gear, have been replaced by the short skirts, thick Balmoral boots, warm outer garments and jaunty hats of the now reigning fashions. Our bonnets used to be horizontal cartwheels, and our hats perpendicular ones, both adorned with forests of feathers and gardens of roses of preternatural bigness. And to-day I can put two bonnets in my little trunk when I go to New York to pay my eldest son a visit, and yet have abundant space for all the rest of my clothing besides.

But here I am, rambling on like a garrulous old woman as I am, without ever coming to the point for which I started. And the point in question is this: People tell me that there are no children now-a-days, and shake their heads ruefully as they assure me that miniature men and women have replaced the joyous, innocent children of bygone epochs. Have they? Then, for my part, I am glad of it. A real, unmitigated, uncivilized child is a nuisance too great to be passively endured. It is a brat. It daubs its face and clothes with molasses candy, smashes the windows, tears lace curtains, mounts on brocade furniture with muddy boots, tortures cats, teases pigeons, and is a compound of noise and dirt and bad behavior generally. Enter the miniature lady and gentleman whose existence fills the conservative breast with horror. They are prettily and carefully dressed. They extend kid-gloved hands, and say, sweetly, "Good-morning." They speak when they are spoken to, and have something to say beyond "Lemme be!" and "I dunno!" If you give a children's ball, the Child of the Period (*ætat.* 8) will grace it. She will come elegantly dressed and well-mannered. She will dance the "German" with all possible science and *savoir faire*, will flirt a very little and very discreetly, and will partake modestly of a ladylike sufficiency of supper. Her brother (*ætat.* 10) is an accomplished cavalier. He engages his dancing partners early in the evening, escorts the chosen of his heart to the supper-room, waits on her with assiduity, bestows on her all the bonbons and flowers he receives, and refuses to be tempted even by *biscuit glace* or crystallized fruits till all her wants are well supplied. The innocent, unsophisticated child would bolt into the room, pull down the pyramids of bonbons and the bouquets of flowers, throw ice-cream in his neighbor's face, and end by gorging himself to repletion, and by spilling all spillable and sticky viands over his clothes. And I must say that I have seen far more real enjoyment among the daintily-dressed, well-mannered couples who bounded through the *galop* and flew through the mazes of the "German," than I ever witnessed among a whooping, yelling crowd of those dreadful little savages, natural, unrestrained children. Children are naturally imitative, and it is as easy to persuade them to consider themselves refined, rational beings—ladies and gentlemen, in short—as it is to work them up to that pitch of excitement and unrestraint when they cease to be small specimens of humanity and become horrid little pigs. I hail the Child of the Period as a boon; and though not a Presbyterian, I am ready to subscribe to one at least of their doctrines—namely, that whosoever is, is right, so far as children are concerned.

Moslem Women.

Eastern wives are not convinced of the hardship of their state. They are ignorant of the sweets of liberty that women enjoy in Europe and America; have never witnessed the felicity that crowns a fashionable life in Paris or New York; know nothing of the peace of mind that rewards a London "season" or a Washington winter; and have never dreamed of the disinterested affection of ball-room belles in a country where women are free. To be sure, there is at their disposal all that their lord can command of luxury and pleasantness; his wealth is hoarded only for their delight, and their children's good; he permits himself no ostentation or pleasure apart from them; the time is weary that absents him from home; and he never denies a reasonable request of wife or child. Criminals are led blindfold to execution, because to meet a woman and touch her garment is to secure pardon. But wives are guarded from temptation; they receive visits from none of the other sex, and they are ignorant of the world. What woman would submit to these?

Seriously, however, the Eastern woman seems as happy as her European or American sister. Plurality of wives is no more hideous to her than it was to the favorites of the patriarchs. She feels no more disparagement as second wife than she would as second daughter. Jealousy is aroused, not by attention to another wife, but absence from all. In a harem of a hundred occupants—mothers, children, and servants—there are rarely four wives—the limit restricted by the Koran—and oftentimes but three or two. There is perfect order; harmony prevails—at least such is the universal testimony of Franks and Asiatics. Intimate friendships are formed. No public opinion is braved; and, though the Mussulman has no blind confidence in the strength of woman's character, holding fast to Mohammed's aphorism, "If you set butter in the sun it will surely melt," and regards it more honorable to have temptation averted than resisted, his wives do not complain. Indeed, it is said that they suspect a lack of their lord's affections when he does not keep them closely watched.

In the markets of both Turkey and Egypt there are three classes of women to be purchased—negresses, Abyssinians, and Georgians. The two former can be easily seen. They are not strictly guarded. You find them grinding millet, kneading dough, chatting in the sunshine, sleeping in the shade. Their figures may have symmetry; but to an American they are wofully unattractive. Their price varies from one hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars each.

The bazaars containing Georgian and Circassian women are more difficult of access. They are on sale for the wealthy only. Strangers not known, or unlikely to be purchasers, are not permitted, as a rule, to see them. The most beautiful will command the price of twenty-five hundred dollars. Of course, they are carefully tended. My friend, who obtained entrance, in company with a principal officer of the sultan, to their apartments, spoke of them as exceedingly handsome. They reclined upon carpets and pillows, and were richly though lightly clothed. Some were smoking, some chatting merrily together, some sitting in a dreamy languor. All their attitudes were graceful. In complexion they were exquisitely fair. There was no appearance of discontent. They knew their lot, and did not repine at it. Like maidens as fair—if it be not ungallant to say it—in freer lands, each seemed desirous that her charms should be valued to a degree that would make her first favorite in her future home.

While there can be nothing more awkward in movements than a Moslem women abroad, nothing can be more graceful at home. The former slouches through the unpaved lanes, her dress draggling, her figure shapeless, her feet hideous, and her face covered by the thick *yasmac*—an object, unless when leaning upon a bazaar-counter or resting on the seats near the fountains, as little attractive as woman can be made to be. The latter, as lady of the harem, couched gracefully on Persian carpets strewed with cushions, is a picture to make the eyes brighten and pulses throb. The fair complexion, large, liquid eyes, long-fringed lashes, and low brow, set off by a gold-embroidered turban—most becoming of head-gear—from under which braids of black hair fall on either side, and a cataract of tresses behind; the rounded shoulders, full bust, large arms, long, tapering fingers with henna-dyed nails, uncorseted figure, and developed limbs; and the dress, composed of the pink under-tunic, covered by the long silk robe open at the bosom, and buttoned thence downward to the delicately-slippered feet that peep daintily from full trowsers, a Cashmere shawl wrapped loosely around the loins rather than waist as a girdle, and a large silk robe with loose silk sleeves surmounting all—make of the Moslem wife, as reclining upon silken cushions, she receives husband or friends, and does the honors of her home, a being too voluptuous, perhaps, for refined American taste, but who answers in every way to the idea of womanly beauty that obtains universally in the East.—*Appleton's Journal.*

☞ Charles Howard (colored), of Mississippi, presented himself at the Military Academy, West Point, on the 24th, as a cadet, holding an appointment from the War Department. This is the first instance of the appointment of a colored boy at that institution, though it is understood that two or three more will be appointed before the next class is organized. Young Howard is said to be bright, but not very proficient in the branches a candidate is required to know before admission.

THE RIVER.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

By sloping mountains topped with gold and azure,
By greenest meadows where the violets be,
By cliffs with many a turret and embrasure,
Rushes the roaring river to the sea.

Yonder a gilded pinnace, and beside it
A ruder boat, whose look does not agree
With its companion's splendor—good betide it!
Rough though it seems, it yet shall reach the sea.

A poor wretch yonder floats on flags and rushes
Rifled from yonder swamp; yet full of glee,
Even as he floats, a flood of music gushes
From his bare throat—he, too, will reach the sea.

And some on rafts, and some to rough logs clinging,
And some on corks, or bladders, floating free;
Some calmly sail, and some, the water flinging,
Spatter their fellow-travellers to the sea.

My barque is on the river swiftly sailing,
Caught by the current it goes rapidly;
At either side the oars in water trailing,
Stop not my certain voyage to the sea.

Around me voyagers who strive to sink me;
Some heed me not, and others friendly be;
I heed not either, care not what they think me;
'Twill matter not, when once I reach the sea.

Run, rushing river! bear me on your waters,
Past vale and mountain, cliff and mead and tree;
The first and last of Adam's sons and daughters
Must sail this river and must reach that sea.

We sail by day—the sun with gray dawn blending,
Rises when we embark, and soars as we
Sail on, and sinks as we approach our ending;
Then sets forever when we reach the sea.

Whither beyond? shall we forever wander
Upon that ocean? shall we shipwrecked be?
Or reach some port beyond? In vain to ponder;
None have returned who entered on that sea.

—*Old Guard.*

SO DEARLY BOUGHT.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

The Countess of Soissons was about to separate from her husband; the Countess of Soissons was coming home to America. The merciless ocean telegraph, which proves the greatest gossip of this gossiping age, announced the fact, and the newspapers reported it among the latest bits of choice society news. Eager tongues in the magic circle elaborated the story through the length and breadth of Murray Hill, and long-winded slanderers outside the pale added fresh revelations, gloating over them with the glee of South Sea Islanders scenting a cannibal feast.

Reasons for the rupture were given without stint, and scarcely a show of reason in any of them, but this did not prevent each report having scores of devout adherents. It was generally conceded that the breach was of the Countess's causing, though she was none the less blamed on that account. Most people tried to think she only made matters public because she wanted to be first in the field, and, having discovered that the Count intended to expose her shocking conduct, invented this complaint against marital cruelty in order to dull the edge of his chronicle when it should appear.

The telegraph, the newspapers, and the gossips had it their own way for a few days; such of the Countess's republican relatives as anybody ventured to mention the matter to, could only answer that they had heard nothing from the lady herself. Letters did come, however, or rather a letter, from the Countess to her step-mother; it had been delayed, as the epistles one is anxious to receive always are. It was not a satisfactory explanation, though it was sufficiently clear, in all conscience.

Thus much was truth: the Countess had left her husband and taken refuge under his aunt's roof; she intended to come back to America. She had borne enough, that was apparent; but she was too proud a woman to try to excite sympathy by a wordy narration of her wrongs. She could have told that she had been more than once dragged out of bed by the beautiful hair which men raved over, and Owen Meredith had written poems about; she could have mentioned a descent down-stairs hastened by an application of nobility's boot-heels; but she forbore. She was likewise silent in regard to the flagrant insult and crowning wrong, which no woman ought to endure, that had caused her hastily to quit her outraged and desecrated home.

She was not coming back to crave protection—Mrs. Laurence thoroughly comprehended this. She stated distinctly that, though the bulk of her fortune was gone, she had enough left to live upon—if not, she would teach, sew; none of her relations need be afraid of her throwing herself on their bounty. She requested her step-mother to make this truth plain to the clan, and to add that she no more desired advice than she did assistance.

But almost before Mrs. Laurence, still young and pretty, had read and digested the epistle, the telegraph blurted out fresh news; the newspapers caught it up, the scandal-mongers went nearly mad with excitement. The Count had been shot in a duel by the husband of the little Spanish lady on whose account the Countess had taken her decisive step.

But that was not all. Surprises are like misfortunes, they never come singly. One of the Laurences died off in South America and left his half million to his beloved niece, Adele, Countess of Soissons; she had been christened by that pretty French name, as if her mother had a presentiment it would suit best with the appellation she was to bear in later years.

There was a revolution in the sentiments at least of society, without delay. A woman returning to her old home damaged in reputation by an unexplained parting from her husband, beggared in pocket by the extravagance of her noble lord, was a woman to be properly pounced upon and condemned. But a young widow, possessor of an ample fortune, well connected, with a title and beauty, was a person to be received with sympathy and affection. Besides, the withered old Marquise, who certainly would have been taken for a chimpanzee had she lived in the Jardin des Plantes, did not scruple to make the story of her nephew's enormities fully known; and when it was discovered how much money the Countess had inherited, Paris, like New York, was prepared to believe everything in her favor.

But one person cared very little what people said or thought, and that was Adele, Countess of Soissons, herself, who was sailing across the ocean through those sunny June days, as weary, sad a Countess as ever felt her forehead ache under the weight of her diamond coronet. However, this particular Countess, like a good many of her sisters, had no diamond coronet left to give her the headache, or to repeat poetry over when she was misanthropic. The family jewels of the Soissons had been paste through several generations, though when Adele's republican father learned this, he made her a wedding present of a new set—coronet and all. But this pretty bauble, and such other of the trinkets as he could lay hands upon, the dashing Count had dispersed of a good while before, to satisfy the unpleasant needs for ready money caused by his aristocratic tastes. Indeed, the first time he pulled his American wife out of bed by her hair, and the last time he had an opportunity to kick her down stairs, the disagreements rose out of the fact that she refused to tell him where she had secreted the rest of her gems. So now, if she wanted a coronet to make herself interesting, she would have to purchase another out of her new inheritance; but at present she did not feel much inclination to provide herself with this glittering reminder of her woes. After news of her husband's accident was brought her, she went to his house; took care of him during the brief space he had left for thought and repentance; then she turned her back on the beautiful land which so few years previous she had entered with such worldly pride and unyielding ambition.

When she landed in New York she found her step-mother waiting to meet her, and they kissed and were reasonably glad to see each other, having been schoolmates before handsome, penniless Lily Waters married old Laurence, whereby the two girls were forced into a position in which they fought terribly, as most girls would.

"We are going up to Greenacres this evening," Mrs. Laurence said, as the carriage drove through the familiar streets, and the Countess wondered secretly that anything should look so much as it used while she was so changed—not an original fancy, but just as pathetic to her. "I thought you would prefer that; town is very hot, and I knew you would want to be quiet."

"I do prefer it," Adele answered; "it was very good of you to think of me, Lily."

Mrs. Laurence said something kind and affectionate, and took the opportunity to get an investigating glance at her companion's face. "She looks dreadfully worn and pulled down," she thought; "and she has almost lost her beauty, poor thing."

She grew more tender than ever. She was sorry for her husband's daughter, and was perfectly unconscious that she found a sort of satisfaction in pitying her and noting the havoc that had been wrought in her face. But Mrs. Laurence was mistaken there. Just now, Adele did look weary and worn, and the girlish loveliness would never come back; but she was more beautiful than ever, with such a touching sadness in the glorious brown eyes, such a scorn of herself and the whole world on her proud mouth.

"Yes, continued Mrs. Laurence, after she had finished her study of the Countess's features, "we'll be quiet as mice, and sit and rest in the sunshine. I need it, too. You know Dora Hastings lives with me? She's grown into such a pretty girl—I'm sure you'll like her."

"That's an admirable reason for one woman liking another," returned Adele lazily, and Mrs. Laurence laughed.

"That really sounds like you," she said. "But you never were jealous of other women, I'll say for you; and certainly you have no need to be now."

"That's very pretty, Lily," the Countess answered, with a flash of the great eyes which reminded Mrs. Laurence of old days, "but you know you have been thinking for the last five minutes that I had lost my good looks—I am simply hideous."

"You are tired—this dreadful voyage!"

"Exactly," said Adele; "the voyage."

They reached the Fifth avenue house, and found luncheon and Dora Hastings awaiting them.

"I hope you haven't forgotten me," said the girl, going straight up to the Countess, and giving her one kindly kiss. "You used to pet me a great deal. I was such a little thing that I seemed much younger than you, then."

"I think time hasn't changed that," returned the Countess. "You are eighteen and I am almost twenty-five."

"For heaven's sake, don't begin talking about ages," exclaimed Mrs. Laurence, laughing. "I am astonished at such a Yankee trick in you, Countess! Please to remember that I am too near thirty for the subject to be agreeable."

They had a cheerful meal together, talking as people might who had only been separated for a short space, and to neither of whom anything of importance had happened since they parted. It was what Madame de Soissons intended for the present and all time to come; but she mentally congratulated her companions on having tact enough to accept the position without one single blunder.

"We are going up the river in to-night's boat," Mrs. Laurence explained; "so you'll not mind the added journey, Adele. I must run away for awhile, now. Dora, I want you to please go to Stewart's for me, and our traveller can lie down and rest herself."

So they took her up to a pleasant chamber, made her comfortable, and left her with orders to sleep. She smiled a promise, not thinking it necessary to inform them that she and slumber had been poor friends for a long while.

"Did you ever see anybody so worn and haggard!" exclaimed Mrs. Laurence when she and her cousin were safely down stairs again.

"But she is very handsome still," Dora answered.

"I can't see it," Mrs. Laurence pronounced.

"Wait till she gets rested," said Dora. "Poor thing, how sweet and gentle she seems."

"Now, look here, Dora," said Mrs. Laurence, "you recollect what I told you! I know Adele by heart. She has plenty of good qualities. We used to quarrel dreadfully; but of course we don't need to now—"

"I don't think," interrupted Dora, "that she cares enough about anything in these days to quarrel over it."

"And I think you're a little dunce to imagine you understand her at all," returned her cousin, with the charming frankness relatives are wont to display in private. "She is as artful as the father of lies—a born actress, cold-blooded, selfish, and the most outrageous flirt that ever lived."

"But now—"

"You make me sick with your everlasting *now!* I tell you to remember what I said when I found she was coming back. Keep your secret for the present, or she'll make you trouble."

"I'll remember," was all Dora said, and went her way. She had her own thoughts on the subject, but it was not her habit to force opinions on people, and she never argued with Lily, because she knew Lily's temper could not stand it. Not that she was a poor cousin, or *protegee*, or anything else unfortunate. She had money of her own, and was perfectly independent; but she and Mrs. Laurence were fond of each other, and lived together for that reason, and got on smoothly enough; and Mrs. Laurence thought her relative a sweet-tempered, yielding creature, with as little character as women of thirty are apt to suppose young girls possess. Dora never took the trouble to undeceive her. Indeed, she probably did not understand her own nature very thoroughly; people seldom do until some crisis arises which gives a need for personal analysis, and Dora's life had been so far quiet and happy.

During the last three months she had found a new source of happiness. Dora was engaged, and it was of that engagement Mrs. Laurence did not wish her to speak to the Countess. Dora's lover was away at present; the betrothal had not been made public after the odious fashion of the present day, and Mrs. Laurence knew Adele would live so retired a life during that summer that it was ten to one no report in regard to it would reach her.

The next morning the three ladies were breakfasting in a charming room in the old country house, with the sun shining brightly in across the vine-covered veranda, and everything so still and peaceful Adele Soissons could hardly believe it real that such repose had suddenly come into her stormy life.

"Dora and I are going to Saratoga next week," Mrs. Laurence said, while she was explaining to the Countess the plans they had made for the summer before there was any thought of her return. "In August we have promised to stay with the Russian ambassadress at Newport, and some time in the autumn we are obliged to have a party of people here."

"And I am sure Miss Hastings will enjoy it all," the Countess answered, with a smile, which Lily interpreted as one of envy, but which seemed to Dora only full of wondering pity that a possibility of enjoying such scenes should be left anybody.

"I wish you wouldn't Miss me," she said, already completely subdued by the pale lady's fascinations. "Do call me Dora."

"Since you are going away I must miss you," said Adele.

"What a dreadful play upon words," cried Lily. "It's a bad habit you both have—I'll fine the first who makes a pun. But now, Adele, about yourself—what will you do?"

"Since you kindly put this house at my disposal during your absence, I shall stay here," said the Countess, "it being perfectly understood that the expense is to be mine."

"Such odious calculations!" exclaimed Lily, shrugging her shoulders, though she was secretly pleased.

"They will make us both perfectly independent," Adele said. "I have been thinking over your proposal of last night, and if we get on until it is time to go back to town, I have decided to spend next winter with you, if you allow me to pay half the expenses of the establishment—on no other terms. You will be mistress just the same, of course. I only want to make myself free and comfortable."

Mrs. Laurence at first expostulated, but was brought to own that it was best, and in her heart was glad to have her outlays lightened; for she was an extravagant puss, and in spite of the ample fortune her old husband had left her, she often found herself cramped.

"And I dare say we shall get on very well," she said.

"If we let each other alone," Adele answered, candidly.

"And she's not handsome enough to bother," Lily thought; for remembering the brilliant bit of coloring Adele had been in her girlish days, she could not regard her present pallor and sad face as anything but a faded, washed-out likeness of the old time. Since she was pink-tinted and bright-haired herself, that was very natural.

The fortnight passed, and Mrs. Laurence and her cousin departed with their arks and their servants; They were both sorry to leave Adele, for a woman who has the art of making herself agreeable to sister women is not met every day; besides, there was a chance of pitying her loneliness—and it is pleasant to do that when one is setting forth in search of gayeties and excitement. But Adele was glad to see them go—not that their society was disagreeable; she rather liked Lily in these days, and discovered to her surprise that she was growing absolutely fond of blithe, sensible Dora; but she was better alone. She was moody, and bitter, and sullen; at war with herself and Fate. It was hard work to hide the fact and be amiable; for play-acting had grown a task and bore. So she sat down in the silence of the great house and looked her withered, desolate, dead life full in the face; lived among her ghosts, reviled her own folly, and had a season of Walpurgis days and nights such as are interesting enough to read about, but which are purgatory to pass through that might make the very angels weep to witness.

On the afternoon of the fourth day, she stood in the garden watching the sun set behind the distant hills, and every sight and sound of beauty was a fresh pang. You who have suffered can understand; to the fortunate souls who have not, a volume of explanation would fail to make the matter clear.

Out came the trim maid who had accompanied her from France, and with many excuses for interrupting Madame, informed her that there was a gentleman arrived to see Miss Hastings. There appeared to be some mistake! Would Madame have the goodness to see him? She, Cecile, had been airing herself in the avenue when he drove up, and had explained, as well as she could, that the ladies were absent; but he seemed so much annoyed, that she had told him she would call Madame, and he had bidden her so to do. Cecile added that she had no doubt it was the lover of the little Mees. If Madame remembered, Cecile had mentioned to her that she was sure from hints let drop by the maid of the little Mees that there was such a person, and this gentleman was so handsome, *mais eminent distingue.*

Madame thought it highly probable that Cecile was correct in her suppositions; she had discovered that Lily was making Dora keep a secret from her—as if she cared for anybody's secrets!

She walked through the house into the reception-room where Cecile said the visitor was waiting, opened the door, and found herself face to face with Clifford Stuyvesant.

If the pair had been on the stage trying for a point which should bring down a crowded house, they could not have made a more effective tableau than they unconsciously did during the first moment. But naturally the lady was quickest to recover herself; she was helped to do it by seeing the surprise and wonder in Stuyvesant's eyes change into displeasure and annoyance. She moved toward him with her gauzy black draperies sweeping over the floor, graceful and picturesque as if she had studied the whole scene for a week in advance, and held out her hand, saying, "How do you do, Mr. Stuyvesant?"

He took it, grew red, grew white, looked uncomfortable, tried to say the proper thing, and was awkward and miserable, as an excitable man always will be at such instants, no matter how much training he may have had.

"I am so surprised—so——"

"And you did not know I was in America!" Adele asked, as easily as if his sentence had been finished according to the most rigid rules of polite conversation.

"No; I have been in Texas—just got back this morning; but you had heard I was there, I suppose," he said, making a dash at his self-possession, and ready to bang his head against the wall with rage at his absurd behavior.

"I had not heard your name mentioned," she answered, in the low, thrilling voice he remembered so well—that he had cursed so often.

"I expected to find Mrs. Laurence and——" he hesitated.

"And Miss Hastings," she added quickly; but quick as she spoke, she had a whole rush of thought first. He was Dora's lover now. Lily had kept the secret from her—perhaps hoping to enjoy her pain by some dramatic exposure on some future day. "They are at Saratoga. I think they meant to have you meet them there."

"It was my blunder," Stuyvesant said. "I am back before my time, and thinking I should find them still here, hurried up at once instead of going to the club for my letters."

The Countess looked politely indifferent; her crushed, tortured heart, that she had thought cold and dead, was struggling and writhing into new life as she gazed in his face, but there was no sign; she appeared courteous and civil—nothing more.

"You will be able to reach Saratoga this evening," she observed, after a little pause. "The next express passes our station in"—she glanced indolently at the clock on the mantle—"about an hour. In the mean time, allow me to play hostess in Mrs. Laurence's absence, and offer you some dinner."

He declined in much too stately a way—was conscious of it, and that made him more angry than ever.

"On the whole you are wise," she said, laughing, "for I don't believe there is any dinner. I hate the meal in summer; but it is the time when I indulge in a cup of tea. You shall share it with me, if you will."

She touched the bell before he could utter a protest—gave her order to the servant—and in a few minutes those two, who had parted five years previous, with mad, passionate words on his side, with bitter regret on hers, though she held fast to her ambitious purpose, who had never met from that time to this, and had believed there could be no meeting-ground for them in the future, sat opposite each other at the little mosaic table, and the Countess poured out her fragrant Orange Pekoe into the tiny china scalls, and offered delicately-thin bread and butter to her unwilling guest, and everything was as natural and commonplace as possible. In this age we act our tragedies with forks in our hands in place of daggers, and put them decorously to our mouths instead of planting them in our enemies' breasts.

The Countess talked of the weather—his journey—her late voyage; and he tried to do his best, but was aware that he did not succeed over well.

"Do you stay long in America?" he asked.

"I have no plans," she answered.

"The Count is not with you?" was his next question.

"I am a widow," she replied.

Then he did not know what to say, and tried to say several things, and broke down in each.

"So you had heard nothing of me?" she inquired. "Yet you had a correspondent from this house, I think. But I suppose Mrs. Laurence and Miss Hastings thought you would only be bored by news of an old acquaintance."

"Several letters have missed me lately," he said; "probably the very ones in which I should have learned all this."

The Countess bowed her head in an assent, which did not in the least express assent, and upset the man's last power of self-control.

"I know what you mean," he exclaimed, rising from the table more quickly than good breeding would dictate.

The Countess quietly put out her hand to keep her cup from overturning with the jar he gave the table, and looked at him with placid interrogation.

"You think they were afraid to tell me," he went on; "afraid of giving me pain—or that Dora was afraid for her empire—you know I am engaged to her?"

It seemed to his listener that her mouth was changing into iron—the muscles of her tongue almost as useless as if they had been made of sponge—but she still looked at him; the half smile was on her lip, the voice which replied was indolent and musical as ever.

"I do, now that I have it from the best possible authority—yourself. Neither your betrothed nor anybody else had given me reason to suspect it. Your name has not been mentioned, I said."

"I suppose Mrs. Laurence told Dora you would not be interested."

"I suppose so! Mrs. Laurence was mistaken; I am interested—I congratulate you with all my heart! I have seen Miss Hastings constantly since my arrival. I am sure you have won a prize, and I am sure that you are worthy of it."

It was a rather neat speech, and she knew that she delivered it very nicely, and all the while sparks of fire danced before her eyes, and the floor went up and the ceiling came down; the chairs and tables moved about in a frantic dance, and everything grew so misty and indistinct that she could see nothing clearly except his pale, angry face as it confronted her.

"You are very good," he said stiffly. "Your pretty compliment to Dora is simple truth, and I will try to deserve my share."

"You will do it," she replied, quietly.

He began to sneer—tried to get out a biting speech in regard to the spirit of prophecy she had developed. But angry as he was—bitterly as he hated her—the taunt died unuttered beneath the fixed, solemn look in those brown eyes. So he buttoned his coat and uttered a commonplace. "I will not intrude upon you any longer; I have rather a tiresome walk back to the station."

"Will you let me drive you down?" she asked. "I always have my ponies out of an evening."

"Thanks—the walk will be a relief after so much railway journeying as I have had."

"So you will not even let me do you so slight a favor as that?" returned she, and this time her lips quivered a little.

"It really is not necessary, Countess. I will say good-by now—or rather, as I suppose we shall meet before long, I'll be French enough to make it *au revoir.*"

It was the first sentence with which he felt satisfied, and for an instant he was more at his ease. She speedily upset that.

"Give it any pretty name you will," she said; "it is plain that you mean good-by, and so—adieu."

She held out her hand—that perfect hand which had been the envy of queens—that hand he had kissed so often—prayed over, ay, fairly wept over in the mad passion of his youth; the sight of which made his very heart ache with a recollection of the old pain as sorely as if the wound were not scared over. He had to take it. She kept her fingers pressed slightly on his, and said, calmly enough,

"Before you go, there is one thing I should like you to do—you see I am willing to accept a favor from you, though you refused mine."

"Certainly, Madame la Comtesse; you have only to speak."

"And because I bear that title, because you are just entering a new life, I can ask it. Say, 'Adele, I forgive you.'"

She raised her beseeching eyes to his face. He fairly flung her hand from him.

"I won't do it!" he said, harshly. "I don't forgive you—I never shall! You broke my heart—you destroyed my youth! Why, you so utterly ruined my life that now, though you are nothing to me—nothing, I repent, thank God!—the memory of what you made me suffer leaves me capable of only half enjoying my present happiness."

She bowed her head in patient submission.

"I was wrong to ask it," she answered; "but I thought now you might, because I had passed utterly out of your life. I am the same as dead—we don't bear enmity against them."

"I am not sure," he retorted.

"I am," she replied, "and I speak from experience."

"I don't know why you should care to have my forgiveness anyway."

"I'll tell you why, Clifford. Perhaps I ought not to call you that, but I always used, and it comes so natural that I forgot."

"You'll tell me why," he amended, so bewildered between anger and pain that he could not decide whether she was acting or earnest.

"Because I have learned how wrong and wicked I was; because the ambitions and triumphs for which I threw away my youth have proved Dead Sea fruits; because I despise and loathe the worldly girl who caused your trouble more thoroughly than you can possibly do."

"You have changed," he said bitterly. "I remember when you declared that youthful dreams were folly and never lasted; that nothing was a real good except money and position."

"I have not forgotten, Clifford! You need not add to the bitterness of my confession by reminding me of my old creeds. I won the stake I played for—title, position; and to-day my life is so utterly desolate that the poorest beggar would not change with me if he could know the truth."

"Believe me, I am sorry—"

"You can't be, unless you forgive me," she interrupted. "I haven't spoken to excite your sympathy; do believe this is not a bit of fine comedy! I always meant you should know the truth—not to make you pity me. It seemed that the telling you would be a sort of expiation—a proof that I repented my sin."

"I suppose you only acted in accordance with the doctrines in which you had been brought up," he said, more gently.

"But that is no excuse," she replied.

"I was poor then. Your father would not have allowed you to marry me if you had been willing. Lily told me that he threatened to cut you off with a shilling if you did."

"All true enough, but that was not what deterred me! I was as worldly as my father; I wanted to buy rank with his republican wealth, just as I told you. Well, I did it—let that go! I have said all I wished now; it has been in my mind for months, years! I wanted you to know that however deeply I wronged you in the old time, you have been bitterly avenged."

"I didn't want vengeance, Adele."

"And yet you cannot forgive me!"

"Yes, I do—freely; there is my hand! There shall never be another harsh thought in my mind toward you," he said, with the impulsiveness which no amount of living could rid him of.

"You have done me more good than you can imagine," she returned, smiling sadly. "Now we begin on new terms. We must meet, and there need be no feeling on either side to make us constrained and give people a chance to pity or blame us."

"I don't care for people!"

"Nor I much—not enough, I fear. But I do care for Dora, and I want you both to be happy. I am sure that the forgiveness you have promised me will help you. I won't keep you any longer—you might miss the train. Go away to Dora. It was not kind of Lily to make her keep the truth from me; but I would rather let them know in my own way that I have discovered it."

"I shall only say that I saw you."

"And give Dora my love—I mean it!

Good-by, Clifford! You'll be happy—very happy. I am sure of that, and I thank Heaven for it. At least I did not utterly ruin your future."

She went away out of the room through the twilight shadows which had begun to darken it, and Clifford Stuyvesant stood and watched her, and knew that the future could never give any happiness like that of his early dream.

But he had known this from the first, he told himself over and over, as he hurried along the path which led through the fields to the station. Dora was gentle, and tender, and kind. He loved her after what he might have believed a good fashion, if he had never known a better—at least a more fervid one. He had watched her grow up; child as she was, she had been his only confidante in the first days of his wretchedness, when Adele Laurence went forth in her search for title and position.

During those years he had become rich; partly by the result of a voyage to South America, partly through some of the wonderful means by which Wall street has made so many men rich during the past few years. And this last winter, coming back to town after a few months absence, he had found Dora so much more charming than ever that he proposed and was accepted, and told himself that the future would do well enough—well enough; as much as any man need expect who had nearly reached thirty.

The remainder of the summer passed with Madame de Soissons in a monotonous round, which it would be neither useful nor pleasant to chronicle, though I think she did not altogether waste the days from the very fact that she tried not to rebel against the loneliness and desolation of her life. She acknowledged always that she had brought it upon herself by sacrificing love to ambition, believing the world's doctrine that all youthful affection must speedily lose its glory, that wealth and pomp are the only lasting basis on which to build up the sort of happiness the mind needs as it forsakes its early romance.

Mrs. Laurence and Dora both wrote to her pleasant, chatty letters, and she answered them; but there was no question concerning Clifford Stuyvesant on either side. Early in the autumn, the two ladies returned, expecting to be followed by a gay party in the course of the following week.

"A little excitement will do you good, Countess," her father's widow said.

"I shall not try the experiment just now," Adele replied. "I am going to make a short journey during this lovely autumn weather."

"All by yourself?" asked Lily, in amazement.

"I'll take my maid and my man. I'm sure they will do for griffins or sheep dogs."

"Oh, there's no harm in it, only I thought you would be glad to see people after these solitary weeks. Where shall you go?"

"Up into the Catskills. I want to see the mountains once more in their October dress."

"It is of no use to tease you," Lily answered; "but all the same—I am very sorry to have you go."

She was heartily glad for some reason, and Adele saw it; so she contented herself by replying with a smile; but it was so very significant that Lily colored under the *soupçon* of rouge she had lately taken to wearing. Fortunately, Dora came in at the instant, and Mrs. Laurence took refuge in lamentations to her. Dora declared herself disappointed at the Countess's determination, and Adele saw that she meant it.

"You'll have enough of me before the winter is over," she said, with her rare smile, which was so beautiful. "Let me follow my own caprices. Have you a large party coming, Lily?"

Mrs. Laurence began enumerating. There would be a house full, many of them old friends of Adele's, Lily said.

"But you forget to mention one old friend of mine, though, of course he is coming," the Countess answered.

Lily was a veteran actress and did an innocent look of inquiry very well; but Dora colored to the tips of her pretty little ears.

"Let me see," observed Lily, thoughtfully. "Who else? Oh, to be sure—the Howards, and Mrs. Peyton, and—"

"Clifford Stuyvesant," added the Countess, sweetly. "My dear Lily, I think when I first came, you might have given me an opportunity of congratulating Dora. Of course, she hardly knew me well enough to make the confidence herself.

Mrs. Laurence was absolutely confused, and began several sentences—

"It was a secret—I thought—well—"

The Countess paid no attention to her failures; she had risen, and was standing near the blushing Dora. She touched the girl's chin with her finger—raised it so as to look in her face, and said, kindly and heartily,

"I do congratulate you now, though, dear; and I wish you all the happiness I am sure you deserve."

"Thank you," Dora said, more charmed with her than ever.

"But who told you?" asked Lily, incautiously. She could have bitten her tongue out for the heedless speech a second after, but it was too late.

"Mr. Stuyvesant himself, of course," replied the Countess, placidly.

Thomas, at this crisis, announced that Madame de Soissons's horse was waiting, and with a parting kiss to Dora, she went away to prepare for her ride.

Lily glanced at Dora, and Dora became absorbed in studying the pattern of the table-cover. They were both uncomfortable, as the Countess had known they would be. It was her one bit of revenge for their secrecy.

"Clifford did not say he had told her," Mrs. Laurence said.

"I don't—" Dora had begun to prevaricate, but she checked herself. "No; but it was very natural he should. I am glad. It seemed so shabby not to mention it, and so strange."

Mrs. Laurence did not say that for Clifford Stuyvesant to have been silent concerning his confidence to the Countess might also come under the head of "strange," but her face showed she thought it.

"I never could see the good of not owning it to people," she said; "everybody else does."

"Time enough next winter," Dora answered, cheerfully; but she did not feel cheerful in the least.

After Mrs. Laurence had left her, she sat pondering over Clifford's reticence, perplexing herself with weary questions; and though she tried to put them out of her mind, they would come back very often during the weeks that followed, though they were pleasant weeks on the whole, and Stuyvesant was one of the guests at the house, merry and contented as a man who had never had any dead to bury, or their unquiet ghosts to lay, after.

The autumn passed; the troop of visitors left the old mansion; the Countess returned from her expedition to watch the falling leaves among the mountains; the three women were comfortably established in the town house, and the wheels of time apparently rolled on velvet.

The "season" began and rushed on toward a brilliant culmination, till between dinners, balls, and the thousand dissipations society contrives, Mrs. Laurence and Dora, like the rest of Fashion's devotees, worked harder than bond-slaves.

The Countess did not work; she took life in an idle, disdainful way, like one who had learned that it was not worth wearying over. She made no pretence of widow's weeds. She had done with pretences of all sorts, she told herself. If she chose to be visible at Lily's parties, she was; sometimes took her seat in the opera-box, or could be occasionally deluded into dinners. What anybody said she did not in the least care; it was inclination, no fear of gossip, which made her live quietly, and kept her in attire that might be considered a species of mourning dress.

Naturally, Clifford Stuyvesant was a good deal at the house, but the Countess rarely saw him. When they did meet, there was nothing to excite suspicion in the manner of either, not even an effort at avoiding conversation. Mrs. Laurence admitted that Adele had no evil designs, she believed, and got neatly snubbed by Dora for venturing to hint that she could make trouble if she had.

The young lady and the Countess were absolutely fond of each other. Adele was astonished to find that she had such capabilities for liking left; and as both were of the order of women who do not consider that friendship means gushing and talking one's self over, they got on admirably.

Lily, sometimes, when she had a moment to think, did the injured and reproachful to each in turn for showing more affection toward a comparative stranger than to her; but the Countess fairly laughed in her face with good-natured scorn, and Dora denied the charge once for all, and then took refuge in what her cousin termed "the obstinate Hastings silence."

But it was written in the books of Fate that Madame de Soissons should not yet attain the undisturbed quiet she desired. Another trouble rose to haunt her and bring the punishment for another folly.

Henri de Riviere came over from France—a worthless fellow, who, in the days of Adele's Parisian triumphs, had maintained a decent position in the world, thanks to the importance of his family. But within the last year he had lost even that. Some flagrant misconduct at a gaming-table had been made public; his relatives discarded him, and he found it necessary to seek "fresh fields and pastures new." He appeared in America; he wanted money for his present needs and assistance in marrying a Yankee heiress, and he relied on the Countess for both. In spite of the rumors which followed him over, he did for a time succeed in holding his own, made Adele recognize him, and floated into Murray Hill saloons on the strength of her name. It was one of the most galling annoyances that had ever befallen the haughty woman; but she could not at once rid herself of the yoke. In the mad Parisian days she had flirted dreadfully with de Riviere; indeed, there had been a quarrel between her and the Count in regard to him, and she had written the young man a dozen foolish letters which she had long ago forgotten.

But Henry de Riviere had not forgotten, and those letters were safe in his dressing-case when he reached America. He made his determination plain enough. Adele should either help him, purchase his silence, or he would introduce their faded romance into a book he was writing.

For several weeks he tormented her almost out of her senses. There was nothing wrong in the letters—that is, nothing worse than the folly of a married woman writing sentimental epistles to another than her husband; but the Countess knew that, if they were made public just now, when evil reports concerning her had only lately been laid at rest, slander would blacken her character in an irretrievable fashion.

Nobody dreamed of her trouble except Dora. She did tell Dora. In her whole life before, Madame had never accepted a confidante; but she was so weary and broken down now that her old strength of will could not support her; she wanted sympathy, and she told Dora everything. At last, de Riviere found that the Countess would only help him on condition of receiving a tangible return. He wanted money dreadfully; concluded that he should stand a better chance among the heiresses of South America than he did among those of the North, owing to the unpleasant gossip which pursued him and made his position in New York more and more doubtful. He consented to Adele's offer—he would sell her the letters for five thousand dollars. But when it came to the point he haggled—demurred—threatened—appointed interviews in compromising places, then would appear without the documents, and tormented her in every possible way. He discovered at length that he had reached the limit; she grew desperate and dared him to do his worst.

For several days after the meeting in which she vowed that nothing should induce her to notice him further, he could not gain admittance to her presence, and she paid no attention to his notes. He became alarmed then, for he knew that money was better than revenge. So he wrote to say that if she would be in Brady's gallery the next morning at eleven o'clock, with the check ready, she should have the letters.

Dora entered Adele's room as she was reading the easy, impudent pages, and the Countess handed them to her.

"He means fair play this time. My silence has frightened him, as you thought it would," she said, with a weary smile.

Dora congratulated her, and kissed and petted her, but Adele was too ill with nervous anxiety and a feverish cold to be either hopeful or at rest. The next morning she was not fit to go out; but she dressed nevertheless, and would not listen to Dora's expostulations until she found herself nearly fainting under the fatigue and weakness.

"You shall lie down," Dora said, authoritatively. "I will go myself."

The Countess refused to permit her; but Dora insisted, and her companion was too dizzy and sick to think fairly.

"It can do no harm," Dora urged. "Anybody may go to a photographic gallery. You have the check signed by your lawyer. I'll exchange it with that fiend for the letters. I shall know them, and will be careful they are all there."

Adele had been able to recall the times when the epistles were written, and knew the exact number of them; a silly, girlish journal she kept had luckily not been destroyed, and she had allowed Dora to read it. So Dora was as well up in the case as herself.

The two argued as long as the Countess was able; but at length she had to lay her aching head back on her pillow and allow Dora to have her own way.

"Go to sleep," the girl said. "I'll be back in an hour."

She started on her errand bravely enough, too angry with the miserable man and too full of sympathy for Adele to think of any unpleasant consequences to herself; though if she had, the thought would not have deterred her. She entered the gallery. There was nobody visible that she knew; passed on toward the front; and there, lounging in a window-seat, was the chevalier. He rose to greet her with elaborate compliments, never dreaming her appearance other than accidental; but she speedily set him right.

"Monsieur," said she, in as pretty French as he could have uttered himself, "I come on behalf of Madame de Soissons. You have some letters of hers. I have a check for you in return. Let us make an exchange and be done."

He was fairly taken aback, and tried to take refuge in smiling menaces and assertions that he must see the Countess.

"She will not see you," replied Dora, quietly. "This is your last opportunity to settle the matter. If you want the money, here it is; if you prefer revenge, take it. Make the letters public to-day, and to-morrow we shall have the pleasure of knowing that a good friend has shot you through the head."

These dreadful American girls! De Riviere was frightened out of his petty senses by her coolness, and the sweet way in which she explained that if he refused to fight a duel he must be branded as a coward whose word would meet with no credence. He flattered—he stammered. At last, hardly knowing what he did, he gave up the letters. Dora counted them, looked at the date on each, made sure they were all there, and handed him the check.

"If I could explain, Mademoiselle," he began, but she cut him short.

"Good morning," she said; "I would advise you to sail for South America at once. I doubt if the air here will agree with you."

She turned away, and was hiding the letters in her pocket, when she heard her name pronounced; looked up and saw Clifford Stuyvesant, and a very white, angry man he was.

"Allow me to offer you my arm," he said, and swept her down-stairs before she could speak. "Did you walk?" he asked.

She pointed to the hired carriage in which she had come; he assisted her in without a word.

"Come with me," she found voice to say.

"Shall I tell the man to drive you home?" he questioned.

She bowed her head; he gave the order, and turned without speaking again; the carriage drove off. Till she reached the house, Dora was so confused and frightened that she was incapable of realizing the trouble that had overtaken her. But once safe in her room, she did. She had promised Clifford never to speak to the man—had said she had a very slight acquaintance with him—and now her lover's eyes had seen her part from him; had seen, too, that package of letters. She could not defend herself without betraying Adele, and she felt that the woman would almost rather the whole world should know than Clifford.

But she left her own troubles to console her friend—gave her the letters—told the story, and behaved so naturally, the Countess did not perceive there was anything amiss. It was a long day to Dora. Adele had fallen asleep; Lily was out; Clifford did not come. She was frightened and troubled, but he would believe her. She could not explain; she would tell him frankly that she had done what was right; he could not doubt her.

In the dusk of the evening she was down in the library. Clifford had not appeared. Adele was in her room; Lily sent word that she was going to dine with a friend—but would be back in time to dress and take Dora to the ball of that evening; so Dora ordered dinner away, and took refuge among the shadows.

Clifford Stuyvesant found her there, coming in only the more angry after those hours of reflection. The bitter experience of his youth had made him skeptical where women were concerned, and now he found that he had a second time been deceived—even this frank, sunny-faced girl proved untruthful and false.

"I have been waiting for you all day," Dora said.

"And what have you to say to me now that I am here?" he asked.

"Oh, Clifford!" she exclaimed, with a pathetic reproach in her voice that only irritated him.

"I thought I had found one woman who could keep her word," he said, quickly; "one woman who could be truthful; but I was mistaken."

"I seem to have acted deceitfully," she answered, "but when I give you my word that I have not, you must believe me."

"Do you think me an idiot, Dora? Don't tell me you met that man by accident, I was watching you from the first—I saw everything."

"I had no intention of telling you so, Clifford."

"What took you there? what did he give you?"

"I cannot answer you," she said, slowly. "You must have faith in me—I have been doing right! It may be a hard test, but if you love me it ought not! Oh, Clifford, I would have trusted you without a word."

He stood appalled by her audacity; she did not try to screen herself by lies; she took a bolder ground—this was a trial of his affection, and he was to submit!

"Will you believe me, Clifford?" she asked.

"Believe what? That you expect me to be a patient dupe—an easy, good-natured fool, content to let the girl who is to bear my name compromise herself with a man like that, and say I am perfectly satisfied?"

His voice rose as he put the angry questions; it reached Madame de Soissons, who had at that instant come down-stairs and entered the little room separated from the library by heavily-curtained door-ways. She stood still and listened.

"You put it harshly," Dora said.

"But truthfully, you cannot deny."

"Perhaps it is too much to ask," she said.

"Too much?" and he laughed in wrath and pain. "More than any creature lower than the angels would grant, I fancy."

She did not speak: he poured out a torrent of angry words, but she made no reply until he exclaimed:

"Tell me why you met that fellow—give me any reason; I'll believe you—I will!"

"I cannot," she answered, gently; "I can only repeat that I went there because it was my duty—because I should have been a pitiful coward, unworthy to be your wife, if I had not acted as I did. Once more I ask you to believe, to trust me. Clifford, I shall never ask you again."

"Do you mean that our engagement is at an end—that you throw me over—that this has been a game you played—"

"Stop," she interrupted: "don't speak things you will regret! I only say that you must accept my word. I want nothing changed; but unless you believe me, you cannot wish our engagement continued."

"And this is all you can say?"

"All. It is very little; but if love means anything, it means implicit faith."

Her voice was low and firm; she stood there in the dim light, pale, but very calm; she had made her resolve, and would abide by it.

"Your conduct has at least the merit of originality," he sneered. "Other women lie; you seem to do that—you only insist on my shutting my eyes and following meekly where you lead."

"I tell you that I have behaved as any good man would desire the woman he loved to do; that ought to be as conclusive as any other explanation."

"Unfortunately, I am not good enough to accept it! The truth, Dora, or—"

"Clifford, Clifford!"

"Or we part," he finished, sternly.

Before she could answer, the velvet curtains parted noiselessly, and Adele de Soissons stood in the doorway. It would be fine to say that at the first word she caught she rushed in to make her avowal; but human nature is a poor thing. She stood still, and in those moments of waiting seven times seven devils tore at the heart of the beautiful woman, and strove for mastery. If she remained silent, the affair of the two ended here! Clifford had never loved that child—the old dream had power over his soul still. His trouble and anger during that meeting in the summer proved it. She need do nothing—let matters take their course; happiness might yet be hers—the vision she had lived upon during her homeward voyage might be fulfilled.

No; Adele did something nobler than to rush upon the pair, and avow the truth without hesitation. She stood still and prayed for help as she had never prayed in her whole life, while the legion of demons struggled, and counselled, and sought to hold her back—and she conquered.

"Clifford," she said; they turned and saw her; "Dora went to meet that man for my sake. Those were my letters? She did a brave, noble thing; it is only I who was weak and mean, as usual. I had flirted with him in the days when my husband's cruelty drove me mad. I called it right because I did not absolutely let him make love to me. Now I have had to buy my letter back to keep my name out of his book. I was ill, and Dora went in my place. It was a miserable action to let her go, but what else could be expected from me?"

"You could not help yourself, Adele," Dora exclaimed. "I was glad to do it!"

"You hear her," Adele said, turning toward Stuyvesant, who had remained silent, so harrowed by conflicting emotions that he could find no voice; "you hear her! And that you may fully appreciate the difference between her and me, you shall have the rest of the truth. I have stood in that room listening, ready to go away and let you two be separated by my wickedness; and where there is one woman like her, there are a thousand like me! Clifford Stuyvesant, go down on your knees and beg her forgiveness, and God's likewise."

"He has my forgiveness," Dora said, and was gone.

She would see neither of them that night; the Countess had to send this word down to Stuyvesant, and he went away—humiliated, ashamed, vowing to be worthy of the pure girl's love, and feeling that the half heart he had given was nearly taken from her.

The next morning Dora saw him, and announced a decision to which she held fast—she would not marry him. Mrs. Laurence was glad enough now that the engagement had been kept secret; furious with Adele, though she knew none of the particulars. Dora made ready for a visit to Boston, and nothing could stop her.

"I wish I had died a year ago," Adele cried, in her misery. "I have ruined your life."

"You have done no such thing," Dora answered; "you are not in the question. A crisis—no matter what—has proved that Clifford did not truly love me; if you had been dead, somewhere a similar crisis would have come. Thank heaven, for both our sakes, it was not too late! His conduct has made me aware that my affection was not real either, because his doubt and hardness have killed it."

She went away. Adele in her penitence would not even see Clifford, and he hurried off to be miserable by himself at his old country seat. They might have both spared themselves remorse; for while she was in Boston, Dora's boy lover—Howard Fane—appeared. He had left home five years before, when he was only nineteen—disowned by his father for some misdemeanor—and it was said and believed that he had been drowned in the China seas. He had done a much more sensible thing—landed safely among the Celestials, worked manfully in his uncle's tea house, and, finding himself rich, came back to forgive and be forgiven.

He met Dora visiting his relatives, and told her that he loved her as he did in his boyish days, and had never ceased to do—that he had come back for her sake. She knew, as she listened, that she need not learn to care for him; the old memory had never died out of her soul. Her affection for Clifford had grown up from the sympathy she felt in his trouble, coming just at the time when her girlish heart was saddened by the news that the daring, reckless youth, her old playmate and her "baby husband," had gone down beneath those far-off waves.

Late in May there was a brilliant wedding reception at Mrs. Laurence's house, and Dora was the bride. Clifford and the Countess stood side by side in the church while the vows between the youthful pair were uttered; stood side by side in the crowded drawing-room after, and watched and were glad in the happiness they saw, but scarcely spoke to each other, though until that morning they had only once met since that revelation Adele made.

When the bridal party went away, and the guests disappeared, Lily took refuge in her boudoir; but the Countess could not follow her example, for Clifford still lingered, and they sat together in the very apartment where Adele had fought so sorely with her demons many weeks before.

"I think," Clifford said, after a long talk, "that God has forgiven us both, and allows us another chance of happiness. Let us forgive each other! Adele, I love you; I have always. Come to me; let us be at rest."

She crept tearfully into the shelter of his arms, and knew that after all her errors, her mistakes, she was permitted to find peace, and the last trace of worldliness slipped from her with the coronet which had been so dearly purchased, and which she flung so gladly away.—*The Galaxy.*

Charles Dickens.

Interesting Reminiscence.

In one of Mr. Nathaniel P. Willis's letters to the National Intelligencer, written from London, he gave the following interesting description of the circumstances under which he met Mr. Dickens on two different occasions:

I was following a favorite amusement of mine one day in the Strand, London—strolling toward the more crowded thoroughfares, with cloak and umbrella, and looking at people and shop windows. I heard my name called by a passenger in the street cab. From out the smoke of the wet straw peered the head of my publisher, Mr. Macrone, (a most liberal and noble-hearted fellow, since dead.) After a little catechism as to my damp destiny for that morning, he informed me that he was going to visit Newgate, and asked me to join him. I willingly agreed, never having seen this famous prison, and after I was seated in the cab, he said he was to pick up on the way, a young paragraphist for the Morning Chronicle, who wished to write a description of it. In the most crowded part of Holborn, within a door or two of the Bull and Mouth Inn (the great starting and stopping-place of the stage-coaches,) we pulled up at the entrance of a large building used for lawyers' chambers. Not to leave me sitting in the rain, Macrone asked me to dismount with him. I followed by a long flight of stairs to an upper story, and was ushered into an uncarpeted and bleak-looking room, with a deal table, two or three chairs, and a few books, a small boy, and Mr. Dickens, for the contents. I was only struck at first with one thing, (and I made a memorandum of it that evening, as the strongest instance I had seen of English obsequiousness to employers,) the degree to which the poor author was overpowered with the honor of his publisher's visit! I remember saying to myself, as I sat down on a rickety chair, "My good fellow, if you were in America with that fine face and your ready quill, you would have no need to be condescended to by a publisher." Dicken was dressed very much as he has since described Dick Swiveller—*minus* the swell look. His hair was cropped close to his head, his clothes scant, though jauntily cut, and after changing a ragged office coat for a shabby blue, he stood by the door, collarless and buttoned up, the very personification, I thought, of a close sailor to the wind. We went down and crowded into the cab (one passenger more than the law allowed, and Dickens partly in my lap and partly in Macrone's,) and drove on to Newgate. In his works, if you remember, there is a description of the prison, drawn from this day's observation. We were there an hour or two, and were shown some of the celebrated murderers continued for life, and one young soldier waiting for execution; and in one of the passages we chanced to meet Mrs. Fry on her usual errand of benevolence. Though interested in Dickens's face, I forgot him, naturally enough, after we entered the prison, and I do not think I heard him speak during the two hours. I parted from him at the door of the prison, and continued my stroll into the city. Not long after this, Macrone sent me the sheets of "Sketches, by Boz," with a note saying that they were by the gentleman who went with us to Newgate. I read the book with amazement at the genius displayed in it, and in my note of reply, assured Macrone that I thought his fortune was made as a publisher, if he could monopolize the author.

Two or three years afterwards I was in London, and was present at the complimentary dinner given to Macready. Samuel Lover, who sat next me, pointed out Dickens. I looked up and down the table, but was wholly unable to single him out without getting my friend to number the people who sat above him. He was no more like the same man I had seen, than a tree in June is like the same tree in February. He sat leaning his head on his hand, while Bulwer were speaking, and with his very long hair, his very flash waistcoat, his chains and rings, and with all a much paler face than of old, he was totally unrecognizable. The comparison was very interesting to me, and I looked at him a long time. He was then in his culmination of popularity, and seemed jaded to superfaction. Remembering the glorious works he had written since I had seen him, I longed to pay him my homage, but had no opportunity, and I did not see him again till he came over to reap his harvest, and upset his hay-cart in America. When all the ephemera of his imprudences and improvidences shall have passed away—say twenty years hence—I should like to see him again, renowned as he will be for the most original and remarkable works of his time.

(From the Cincinnati Enquirer.)

Dickens as a Man and an Author.

It is generally supposed that the pecuniary success of Mr. Dickens's career has been at least equal to his literary reputation. But his history is another example of the great results which may frequently spring from small beginnings. His parents were far from rich, and in his younger days Charles was reckless in his personal expenditures, and apparently unstable in character. Many anecdotes are told of his youthful escapades in his native village; and one which was related to the writer by one of Dickens's friends, now a noted London journalist, is somewhat singular. While writing his early sketches for the Morning Chronicle, he was, or fancied himself to be, deeply enamored of a young lady named Emma Floyd. She lived at a distance of about three miles from his father's house. Midway between the two was a post-office, where Dickens mailed his manuscript to the London editor. In those days it was optional to prepay a letter or inflict the expense on the recipient. Postage was then eight pence an ounce, and Dickens, fearing that unpaid matter might be refused, was compelled to borrow the necessary funds from the village grocer. When in possession of money he would hurry past the office to see his *inamorata*, and, having many friends,

he contracted a habit of stopping at the Elms, a wayside tavern, and when he left there were of course, no funds to pay the letter due in London.

This went on for some time, until Miss Emma Floyd, alarmed by the reports of her lover's unsteadiness, cast him off, and Dickens, in despair, as was said, resorted to wild life for a time. There is a singular story told of a mistake he made under these circumstances. Returning home from the "Elms" in the evening, he met a young lady closely veiled, about Emma's height, and resembling her in gait and general appearance. In a most agitated manner he at once made a fervent declaration of love, renewed his protests of undying attachment, and begged forgiveness for all his errors in the past. The young lady happened to be the daughter of the rector of the parish, and, therefore, of course, slightly acquainted with the young author. His appeal was so eloquent, and his sincerity so manifest, that Miss B——'s heart was touched, and she promised to speak to her father. The next morning Charles Dickens received a letter from the Reverend Rector, expressing his surprise at so sudden a declaration to his daughter after so slight an acquaintance; but as he recognised his ability, so he would accept his vows of amendment, and if both parties remained in the same frame of mind for two years, and the gentleman could show any prospect of maintaining a wife, he would not object to their union. This singular double engagement capped the climax of his social difficulties in his native village, and within a fortnight of the unexpected *rencontre* he removed to London and entered upon the labor of his life.

When Dr. Black, the then editor of the Morning Chronicle, proposed to engage him as reporter in the Police Courts, Dickens was reduced almost to the last extremities. He lived in a small garret-room in Wych street; he was indebted to his landlady for nearly a month's rent. His watch was in the hands of "his uncle"—a gentleman with three golden balls round the corner—and his stock of linen was more like that of a French *refugee* of 1852 than that of a prosperous young journalist. But in a few weeks all was changed. Having obtained a situation upon the paper, and finding his own proper literary work remunerative, Mr. Dickens appeared another being. He was all energy, and his versatile powers rapidly made themselves conspicuous; so much so, indeed, that he was not yet five-and-twenty when engaged to write the Pickwick Papers. Chapter by chapter they were published as soon as written, and, however admirable the transactions of the "Pickwick Club" are as a whole, traces of want of continuity are apparent in the work. The celebrated "Mrs. Bardell" was drawn from a living portrait; she was a Mrs. Ann Ellis, who kept an eating-house near Doctors' Commons, on Great Knight Rider street. "Mr. Shodgrass," in his principal characteristics, and even the description of his personal appearance, was at once accepted as a caricature of a Mr. Winters, *a nouveau riche*, who might be seen in the season every afternoon at four o'clock ogling the ladies in the Ladies' Mile in the Park, and in the summer at Cheltenham Bath, and the fashionable watering places. The "Fat Boy" was acknowledged to be sketched from the servant of a gate-keeper in Essex, on the London and Chelmsford road. Many other characters in his novels have also, from time to time, been traced to real characters. Their author, however, in most instances, has denied the authenticity of the portraits. If, however, the great author, who has just left us, did not paint from the living figure heads the individual actors in his novels, he certainly drew life from its broad lights and shades as it actually was. Oliver Twist, Bleak House and David Copperfield, expound some of the most glaring wrongs in the lower and middle strata of English society; and suggested ameliorations which were ultimately carried out in the management of the Jail and the Workhouse. The reform in Chancery practice, nominally introduced by Lords Brougham and Lyndhurst, may also be referred almost directly to the influence of the novelist.

☞ There are intimations from Washington that Mr. Motley, our Minister to England, is to be removed, and that Secretary Fish is to be his successor. Denied.

☞ In New York it is reported that the yearly income of A. T. Stewart is $1,420,000; W. B. Astor, $1,275,000; H. T. Helmbold, $182,000; Cornelius Vanderbilt, $400,000.

☞ One nitro-glycerine accident treads so swift upon another's heels that it is exceedingly difficult to keep anything like a correct account of them. The last occurred recently at Worcester, Mass., where a burden car containing the treacherous and powerful compound was suddenly converted into a torpedo, killing one man, wounding thirty, shattering a number of houses and factories, and doing other damage to the surrounding property, destroying in all one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth.

☞ Boswell complained to Johnson that the noise of the company the day before made his head ache. "No, sir, it was not the noise that made your head ache; it was the sense we put in it."

☞ A little school-boy in Danvers, Mass., when asked by his teacher why women should not vote, answered: "Cause they are afraid of caterpillars."

☞ The Rev. Mr. Frothingham, of New York, said in a recent sermon that in all his life he had seen but two or three persons whom he believed to have been Christians through and through. He left Boston while a young man.—*Post.*

☞ A thoughtful person thus muses on the story of Daniel in the Lions' Den:—"How sad it was for those poor lions when Daniel was dropped into their den, to be compelled to go sniffling about him and think how nice a small chop from the calf of his leg would taste, and be denied the luxury. It was rough on them lions, but it taught them self-Daniel."

☞ The late Sir J. Y. Simpson's brain has just been put in alcohol. It weighed fifty-three ounces, and was remarkable for its convolutions.

☞ Illinois has a preacher who gets his congregation in church, locks the door, and preaches at them until the deacon collects a specified amount. He preached three hours last Sunday, before they came down with $100 he was anxious to collect.

☞ The Prince of Wales, while driving home from the Derby, lifted his hat to a group of ladies, and by accident dropped a glove. The fair ones dove into the dirt for it, "his royal highness laughing heartily at the scramble of the ladies."

☞ THE LAND OF STEADY HABITS.—The Providence Journal says that the thunder and lightning on Monday night last kept nervous people in that city painfully awake "until after 9 o'clock."

☞ Wyoming Territory has but seven hundred women.

☞ In Chicago the procuring of a divorce is called courting after marriage.

☞ There is a farmer in Vevay, Ind., who raises all the materials of his clothing on his farm, and, with the exception of shoes, his whole outfit is of his own manufacture.

☞ The person who deliberately throws banana or orange peel on the sidewalk is an enemy to the human race.

☞ "Rum did it," is the comment of the Oxford Register; in stating that the ten magnificent elms at Canton Point, Me., were set out seventy-five years ago by a man who was paid two quarts of rum for the job!

☞ Boston has a society for the suppression of gambling, and 200 gambling houses for them to operate upon.

☞ It is said that one of the tallest horses in the world, standing nineteen hands high, is owned in St. John, N. B.

☞ The planet Saturn, with its marvellous assemblage of rings and satellites, is now a conspicuous object in the evening skies, and will remain so during the summer months. It rises now about sunset, and arrives on the meridian a little before midnight. Its place is in the zodiacal constellation, Sagittarius, and about twenty degrees east of the well-known ruddy star, Antares.

☞ Bromley, of the Hartford Post, thus retracts a reflection on the bald head of the New London Star: "We had no business to be fooling with Ruddock. We know—of course everybody knows—that it was brains that 'knocked the hair off Ruddock's head.' It is a great credit to Ruddock that he *is* bald. And so long as he can fold his ears over the top of his head—really, what's the use of his having any hair, anyway?"

☞ Spanish gentlemen speak with great enthusiasm of the handsome behaviour in a recent duel of two naval officers of high rank, intimate friends, who had quarrelled over their cups. They fought twenty paces apart, to advance to a central line and fire at will. One walked forward, and when near the line the other fired and hit him. The wounded man staggered to the line and said, "I am dead. Come thou up and be killed." The other came up until he touched the muzzle of his adversary's pistol, and in a moment both were dead—like gentlemen!

☞ *Three-year-old* (energetically, to a fly on the wall)—"Soo, fy, don't bozzer *me*." *Mother*—"Dear, dear, where *did* you learn that?" *Three-year-old*—(singing)—"Dat what my muzzer said."

☞ The natives of South Africa do not require clothes to keep them warm, because they are Hottentots, don't you see? The Coolies are a different sort of people altogether.

☞ A divorced husband in California has bought his children of the mother, to whom the Court assigned them, for $570 apiece.

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APRIL, 1870.

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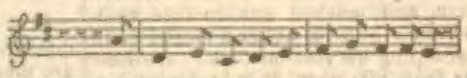

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Anecdote of Dumas.

A story comes to us about Dumas. The great novelist, being in London last year, found himself inexpressibly bored by the dreamy dullness which reigns in the modern Babylon on Sunday. The change from the gayety of a Parisian Sunday was anything but agreeable to the author of Monte Cristo.

Below, no cafes, no restaurants, no open stores, no theatres; whilst above, the gray and leaden looking sky seemed to hang like a pall over everything, producing a painful impression of dreariness impossible to be dispelled.

He was standing with an English friend, in the court-yard of the house, where a number of poultry of all colors and sizes, were enjoying their liberty and pecking at their grains of barley with evident satisfaction, while an unfortunate black rooster was confined in a coop, unable to reply to the amiable advances of his lady friends, who gathered round his wicker prison, except by a miserable attempt at flapping his wings and a wretched endeavor to produce a joyous crow, which died away in the poor bird's throat and resolved itself into a mournful croak before it passed his beak.

"There!" said Dumas, pointing to the captive, "there you have a perfect picture of England on a Sunday; that is England in the cage. But look at that little rooster with the golden and black plumage, strutting about and looking so gay and happy. Well, my dear sir, that is a picture of France on a Sunday."

At this moment the large black rooster, by an extra vigorous flapping of his wings overturned the coop and found himself at liberty. With a bound and a screech, he flew at the little representative of France, and, with a few well-directed pecks, put him ignominiously to the rout.

The Englishman took his revenge.

"Well, Mr. Dumas," said he, dryly, "I think you may call that the battle of Waterloo."

Cured.

Mr. Alexander Simpson, of Towanda, is dead. He was billious, Mr. Alexander Simpson was, and he saw the following paragraph from the pen of Dr. Hall:

"If a billious man wants to get well, and is in no special hurry, all that he has to do is to lie down out-of-doors, between two broad boards, and stay there until he gets ravenously hungry."

Mr. Simpson followed this advice, and calmly fell asleep with a broad board on top of him. Under ordinary circumstances there would have been no trouble; but there was a Fat Man's Ball in the lager beer saloon next door that day, and the two champion fat men got over the fence, and sat down with a jerk on top of Mr. Alexander Simpson's upper board, without knowing he was there. It squelched the breath out of him at the first blow. And the fat men, you understand, they sat and sat there, and discussed politics, and the Alabama claims, and the Legal Tender Act, and the weather, and women's rights, and the Harrison boiler, and metaphysics, and they kept on drinking glass after glass of beer, and getting heavier and heavier, until one of them happened to look under the board—and there was Alexander Simpson, as dead as Nebuchadnezzar, and mashed out so thin that you could pass him in under a closed door without scraping his vest-buttons! He does not suffer from bile now. But does anybody know where Dr. Hall lives?

An Explosion.

The steamer S., commanded by Captain S., exploded several years ago with terrible effect, and burned to the water's edge. Captain S. was blown into the air, alighting near a floating cotton bale, upon which he floated uninjured, but much blackened and muddied. Arrived at a village several miles below, to which news of the disaster had preceded him, he was accosted by the editor of the village paper, with whom he was well acquainted, and eager for an item.

"I say, is the S. blown up?"

"Yes."

"Was Captain S. killed?"

"No, I am Captain S."

"The thunder you are! How high were you blown?"

"High enough to think of every mean thing I ever did in my life before I came down here."

The other started on a run for his office. The paper was about going to press, and, not wishing to omit the item of intelligence for the next issue, two weeks off, wrote as follows:—

"The steamer S. has burst her boiler, as we learn from Captain S., who says he was up long enough to think of every mean thing he ever did in his life before he lit. We suppose he was up about three months."

Bad Place for Old Men.

Down in Wilmington, some time ago, an old man who was very feeble was helped across a crowded street by a youth of twenty. A month afterwards the old man died, and as an expression of his gratitude he left the youth forty thousand dollars. And now no old man's life is safe in Wilmington. All the young fellows have had their ambition excited, and as soon as any venerable man appears on the sidewalk a dozen chaps rush at him, grab him by the trowsers and the collar and the back hair, and try to carry him across the street, whether he wants to go or not. When he gets there a lot more fasten on to him and set him back again, and then present their cards. So the old men in Wilmington are having a lively time now, and they have got to tack up the street whenever they go out for a walk. Thus far very little cash has been evolved; but all the young men study the obituary advertisements carefully, and when they see the words "At the age of seventy-six" or "Sixty-six," or anywhere in that neighborhood, they hurry down to the office of the Register of Wills and pore over the last testament of the deceased. All this goes to show how much distress one inconsiderate action will cause.

The Sailor's Retort.

A sailor was called upon the stand as a witness. "Well, sir, do you know the plaintiff and defendant?"

"I don't know the drift of them words," answered the sailor.

"What! not know the meaning of plaintiff and defendant!" continued the lawyer; "a pretty fellow you to come here as a witness. Can you tell me where on board the ship it was that this man struck the other one?"

"Abaft the binnacle," answered the sailor.

"Abaft the binnacle!" said the lawyer; "what do you mean by that?"

"A pretty fellow you," responded the sailor, "to come here as a lawyer, and don't know what abaft the binnacle means!"

AT THE THEATRE—BEHIND THE SCENES.

Hero disappears at the back of the stage in a supposed torrent. Heroine rushes after him, and exclaims:—

"Ha! what a fearful sight meets my distracted gaze! The foaming flood—but my lips refuse—ha!" (Screams.)

Hero, however, as will be seen by the above, is not drowned, but is getting the better of the "foaming flood."

Raising Chickens.

Mark Twain having been elected an honorary member of a Poultry Society, recommends himself in the following style:—

"Even as a schoolboy, poultry-raising was a study with me, and I may say without egotism, that as early as the age of seventeen I was acquainted with all the best and speediest methods of raising chickens, from raising them off a roost by burning lucifer matches under their noses, down to lifting them off a fence on a frosty night by insinuating the end of a warm board under their heels. By the time I was twenty years old, I really supposed I had raised more poultry than any one individual in all the section round about there. The very chickens came to know my talent by-and-by. The youth of both sexes ceased to paw the earth for worms, and old roosters that came to crow 'remained to pray,' when I passed by."

Marriage.

BY ROBERT COLLYER.

It is the experience of all times, and no doubt of all peoples, that men and women are made for each other, to be husband and wife, are very often brought together by a providence they cannot account for, and can never be separated in their souls any more. A young man goes into a room with a heart as free as an unmated swallow, and comes out of it sixty minutes after a captive for life; and the maiden knows what the youth knows, and in her heart says amen to the revelation, though it may take her some time to say it with her lips. I have a friend in Philadelphia, a man of great intelligence, who told me that when he was in the middle of the Pacific, on a voyage, he saw a face in a dream, and it was borne in upon him that this was the face of his wife. He went through many adventures after that, was away about seven years, came back, went home, went to quarterly meeting in Bucks county, and there saw in a Quaker bonnet, for the first time with his human eyes, the face he had seen in his dream. The maiden became his wife; and I never saw a happier pair on the earth, or a sweeter home or children. And I have no doubt of the perfect truth of the story: all true marriages are made in Heaven, so

"All true love is blent with reverence
As heavenly light is blent with heavenly blue."

And any true observation of the life we are living will bring the assurance that marriages of this sort are by no means so few as cynics and satirists would leave us to infer. If from thirty to forty years of intimate observation in two widely separate sections of society, two worlds, and the intimacy of a minister to boot, can be of service in forming an opinion, it is mine that a great preponderance of the men and women that become husband and wife find their *helpmeets*, their matches, the one being they need to make up the full measure so far of their life in the man or woman they marry. It is probable they may not find what I may call their ideal man or woman—the wonderful person the romances can make so much better than the Lord makes us, in the sense that the pictures in a fashion-plate are finer than the portraits of Healy or Eaton. When we form our taste on this sort of standard, we are likely to be disappointed and ought to be. It is possible, too, for many reasons I shall not give, that in the truest match the Lord himself can make there will be times when the husband and wife cannot see eye to eye, or make one music of the base and alto in which they plighted their faith. It is extremely probable, if a man cannot always feel satisfied with himself before he is married, he will not always feel satisfied with his wife after; and, if she sometimes charges herself with folly when she is a maiden, she may do the same now and then by her husband when she is a wife. If my self-love cannot hide or extenuate what is wrong in myself always, it must be a very tender and holy and everlasting love that will steadily overlook what may be wrong in another that I only love *as well as* myself. Indeed, I know of nothing in the structure of this universe, or in life, or in the Bible that can bear me out in the idea that a doubled possibility of happiness in the addition of another life to mine ought not to bring just that much more trial also. Twice the felicity implies twice the infelicity in every other direction. The most delicate organization is always exposed to the most appalling pain. This is in some way to be expected to men. In what way we cannot very well foresee, and it is not best we should. It may be health, or temper, or habit. It is no matter, there must be trial of our faith in each other, as there is of our faith in God; and some doubt now and then of each other's love, as there is now and then of the diviner love of Heaven. No man or woman has any business to enter into this intimate oneness of life and soul without such an expectation. When the lark soars and sings over a mountain tarn, his shadow is as deep in the water as his soaring is high in heaven.

Wise old Bishop Taylor says again: "Marriage has in it less of beauty than a single life, but more of safety. It is more merry, but also more sad. It is fuller of joys, but also of sorrows. It lies under more burdens; but is supported by the strength of love, so that these burdens become delightful." Something like that, then, is to be expected in the very nature of things. It is to be found, as the shadows cast by the truest and purest light that ever shines in a home. The sweetest wife that ever lived has said things to her husband scores of times that she would allow no human being to say about him, or once for all that third person must bear a piece of her mind, if it were in a prayer-meeting: and the truest husband will now and then make his will known to his wife in tones so imperious that, if he heard another utter them to the same woman, it would bring him leaping like a leopard at the scoundrel who dared to speak so to the mother of his children. "Jack," we said to our journeyman, when he had been down home once, "Jack, what *is* the matter?" "Matter enough," Jack replied, sheepishly, "I wer going past a house at Otleytown end, an' I hee'ard a woman scream murder. I rushed in, and there wer her husband hitten her; so I hit him and knocked him doon, and wer holding him by the throat, an't first thing I knew she wer hitten me with *poker*, an' wanting to nea what I struck her husband for." It was an illustration from a range of life among the Yorkshire hills—that was little better, thirty years ago, than the savage—of a principle that holds good in the sweetest and best homes of the land, where the uttermost hurt is a sharp word, that is repented of and forgotten the moment it is spoken. Husband and wives, when they are wise, understand and act up to it as the condition of being what they are, and bear and forbear within all fair lines and *limits*.

With these elements in them, and forming a part of their very structure, my observation convinces me that the true match is the rule. In the overwhelming majority of instances those that come to be husband and wife were made to be husband and wife. In the face of our sins and follies, very often by the tender mercy of God, and not at all of our deserving, the great gift is given that makes a heaven for us where we would have made perdition for ourselves sometimes, and sometimes the blessed life comes of honor and truth all their life long in those that are made one in it. John and Mary sit in their home and wonder how Thomas and Susan manage to make so brave a show of their small stock of esteem, and Thomas and Susan shake their heads now and then about John and Mary. But you find that somehow within it all there is better with the worse, as there is worse with the better. Very tender and true are they all when sickness smites them; very surely they weep over little graves; and then, if they must part, and one goes to the long home and one stays in this, whatever they may do that are left to mend the poor broken life is well done if they do it meekly and truly, and has the blessing of the Risen One. But, then, in that case, it is always one more in a heart made larger to hold one more; never one cast out to make way for another! The match made in Heaven is never unmade. —*Independent.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Another Word About Road-Making.

The middle of June is here, but you may travel through the country and find the roads in as bad a condition as you can imagine them to be on the first day of March. Of course if there is no rain the ruts, and washings, and gulleys, fill up more or less by the heavings of the heavy teams; but in many places no attempt has yet been made at repairing them; and where there is, it is only an attempt. There is some grubbing and throwing into the centre of the road a little dirt and rocks, but any efforts to bevel the road and provide suitable gutters, into which the water can run from the centre directly into them, is seldom ever seen. The result is that the roads are never repaired. The quagmires and other low, wet places that have existed for fifty years, where wagons stick and horses plunge for five or six months in the year, are there still. The narrow, dangerous culverts, with loose, bent planks, are never made any better. A gutter, if it strikes a rock, suddenly stops and the water runs over the road, down the hill, washing out the bed more and more constantly.

The absence of good roads is the most expensive depreciation a farmer is subjected to; but many will not see it, or seeing will not heed it. A tax is a tax, though it is imposed to afford one of the greatest conveniences and enjoyments that can be conceived for those who make use of the highways, to say nothing about it in an economical sense. If people would only consider the loss of animal power by bad roads, it would exert a favorable influence. Many experiments have been made in relation to this, and it has been ascertained that a light carriage with four wheels, weighing with its load one thousand pounds, requires a force of traction as follows:—1. On a turnpike road when hard and dry, 30½ pounds; 2. On the same road when dirty, 39 pounds; 3. On a hard compact loam, 53 pounds; 4. On an ordinary by-road, 106 pounds; 5. On a turnpike road newly gravelled, 143 pounds; 6. On a loose sandy road, 204 pounds.

Any one who runs can read and understand this. But it is not only the increased power that bad roads require. The wear and tear of wagons and gears are no small items, and the great loss of time caused by the delay is especially important in the operations of business of all kinds. We want a new system. As we said some time ago, there ought to be a well-paid, competent Superintendent of Highways in every county, who should possess every necessary power to compel a thorough reform in the condition of our common highways, as well as in the roads of incorporated companies. And every day that we omit to make this provision we prove more and more our short-sightedness in permitting the nickel to conceal from us the sixpence which is behind it.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Management of Oxen.

The Stock Journal has the following sensible suggestions on this subject, which not a few of our farmer readers will do well to heed:—A generous diet is necessary to keep up the spirit and ability of cattle, when there is hard work to be done. Great and permanent injury is the result of niggardly feeding and severe toil, exacted from the uncomplaining animal. His strength declines, his spirit flags, and if this treatment be continued, he rapidly becomes the stupid, moping brute which is shown off in degrading contrast with the more spirited horse, that performs, it may be, one-half the labor on twice his rations. The ox should be as little abused by threats and whipping, as by stinted feed and overtaxed labor. Loud and repeated hallooing, or the severe use of the lash, is as impolitic as it is cruel and disgraceful. We never witness this barbarity without wishing the brutes could change places, long enough at least to teach the biped that humanity, by his own sufferings, which his reason and sensibility have failed to inspire. Clear and intelligible, yet low and gentle words are all that is necessary to guide the well-trained, spirited ox. The stick or whip is needed rather to indicate the precise movement desired, than as a stimulant or means of punishment. The ox understands a moderate tone more perfectly than a boisterous one, for all sounds become indistinct as they increase. It is of great advantage to have oxen well trained to *backing*. They may soon be taught, by beginning with an empty cart on a descent; then on a level; then with an increasing load, or up-hill, till the cattle will back nearly the same load they will draw.

To Have Plenty of Cucumbers.

A correspondent of the Horticulturist writes:—I had a narrow border, not more than two and a half feet wide, on the edge of a high fence. I planted three cucumber hills in the border, and laid some brush (such as is used for pea vines) between them and the fence. As soon as they crept up to the brush, I pinched off the ends of the vine, which thickened rapidly around the roots, and in every direction, throwing out the most vigorous foliage and profusion of flowers.

I did not allow the cucumbers to grow, but watched them, and such as I wished to reserve for the table I picked as soon as they became of proper size; and all the rest were gathered every day for pickles; every day pinching off the bud at the end of each shoot. In this way the hills continued fresh and productive until they were touched by frost. Some judgment can be formed of the value of this practice when I said that more than a barrel of pickles were made from three hills, besides allowing a supply for the table.

Whenever a leaf began to look rusty or yellowish, it was removed and the cucumbers and leaves were cut off with large scissors, so as not to disturb or wound the vine. There is an advantage in having them run upon brush instead of trailing over the ground; because they are much injured by being trodden on, and by being kept low on the bushes they can be easily and thoroughly examined over every day, which is essential; if cucumbers are overlooked, and grow very large, it stops the yield of that vine.

Lime and the Currant Worm.

The currant worm has commenced his attack, and should be met at once, if gooseberry and currant bushes are to be saved. My plan has saved my bushes in perfection for the last six years. It is, when the dew is on the bushes, to throw air slacked quick lime freely on them—the worm being wet, the lime kills it. Repeat this every other day for a week, and the pres nt crop of worms will be effectually destroyed. A new crop usually appears in ten or fifteen days, though not so numerous, when the lime must be again thrown over and through the bushes, and, if necessary, repeat the operation until the fruit ripens. Should the bushes be dry, sprinkle them with water before applying the lime. Lime is both a cheap and valuable fertilizer, and is preferable in *every respect* to hellebore, which is both expensive and poisonous.—*Rural New Yorker.*

RECEIPTS.

LEMON PIE.—Grate 1 lemon, 1 teacup of sugar, 1 cup of water, 1 teaspoonful of flour and 1 egg.

TO BLEACH STRAW HATS, ETC.—Straw hats and bonnets are bleached by putting them, previously washed, in pure water, into a box with burning sulphur; the fumes which arise unite with the water on the bonnets, and the sulphurous acid thus formed bleaches them.

THE RIDDLER.

Grammatical Enigma.

I am composed of 67 letters.
My 1, 11, 42, 23, is an adjective.
My 5, 12, 28, 65, 31, is a noun.
My 10, 30, 20, 18, 43, 48, is a verb.
My 16, 34, 19, 18, 6, 59, 4, 24, 15, is a noun.
My 25, 53, is a preposition.
My 27, 28, 33, 2, 8, is an adjective.
My 32, 7, 17, 35, 39, is a noun.
My 37, 46, 8, 44, 52, 3, 14, 40, is a conjunction.
My 45, 62, 47, 23, is an interjection.
My 49, 60, is a pronoun.
My 51, 26, 41, is an adverb.
My 54, 55, 56, 29, 21, is an adverb.
My 59, 63, 61, 38, 50, 64, 67, is a verb.
My 66, 58, is a pronoun.
My whole is a simple sentence.

Honeytown, Ind. PHILIP.

Charade.

I was the prize, in days of old,
Of feats of brave and noble daring;
And many a knight and squire bold,
Of life and limb alike unsparing,
Have ventured all in fighting-field
To wear me blazing on his shield.

I'm seen from every mountain's base
(No clouds upon the summit sleeping);
I'm at the top of each high place;
On foaming wave you see me leaping
When fisher's wife, at cottage door,
Looks forth and hears the billows roar.

Sworn of my head, the aforesaid squires
And knights, when tired of destroying,
Would sit beside their household fires,
In sweet repose myself enjoying;
While vassals, as they viewed the flame,
Swore, if they could, they'd do the same.

You can't without me write the score
Of any opera you're composing:
I bore the lance, in days of yore,
For men in deadly tourney closing.
Now think awhile and guess me true:
I'm all expressed in letters few.

B. CURZON.

Problem.

A woman bought a bushel of nuts, and afterwards sold them again. If she had sold them at 14 for 1 cent, she would have had 3 left; if she had sold at 15 for 1 cent, she would have had none left; if she had sold them at 16 for 1 cent, she would have had 9 left. If she had sold them at 15 for 1 cent, she would have gained as much again; and if she had sold them at 14 for 1 cent, she would have gained three times as much again as if she had sold them at 16 for 1 cent. Required—the number of nuts in the bushel and the cost of the nuts when she bought them. W. J. BARRETT.

☞ An answer is requested.

Probability Problem.

A triangle is formed with the centre of a circle as vertex, and the line joining two points taken at random within the circle as base.

What is the probability that the angle at the centre is the greatest?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

To Mathematicians.

The undersigned is collecting material for a MATHEMATICAL ALMANAC or ANNUAL, to be published the coming autumn.

Mathematical articles, problems, literary and scientific queries, &c., sent before the 1st of August, 1870, will be thankfully received.

Please send answers with problems and queries if you know them.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

Conundrums.

☞ What bird is that which is absolutely necessary that we should have at our dinner, and yet need neither be cooked nor served up? Ans.—A swallow.

☞ Why was Pharaoh's daughter like a bill-discounter? Ans.—Because she got a little prophet (profit) out of the rushes on the banks.

☞ Why is a convent like an empty house? Ans.—Because its a nun-inhabited place.

☞ When is a sailor not a sailor? Ans.—when he's a-loft.

☞ When were banking transactions first known? Ans.—In the time of King Pharaoh, when the Egyptians received a check at the bank of the Red Sea, and Moses crossed it.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—

Would you crush the tyrant wrong,
In the world's free fight?
With a spirit brave and strong,
Battle for the right.

CHARADE—Weather-cock.

TOMATO TOAST.—Remove the stem and all the seeds from the tomatoes; they must be ripe, mind, not *over ripe*, stew them to a pulp, season with butter, pepper, and salt; toast some bread, butter it, and then spread the tomato on each side, and send it up to table two slices on each dish, the slices cut in two, and the person who helps it must serve with two half slices, not attempt to lift the top slice, otherwise the appearance of the under slice will be destroyed.

PINE-APPLE MARMALADE.—Pare the rind, and cut into small pieces, the same weight of sugar as fruit; put one-third of the sugar to the fruit. Let it stand all night, so as to extract the juice. Boil it on the following day for a short time; let it stand for two or three days; then repeat the boiling with another third of the sugar. Let it stand again another day or two, then boil it clear with the remainder of the sugar. The juice of a lemon, if added, gives to the marmalade an agreeable acid.

CREAM CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, 1 cup of butter, 1 cup of sour cream, 5 eggs, 4 cups of flour, 1 teaspoonful of soda; mix well together and bake well.

BLACKBERRY JELLY.—Gather the fruit when perfectly ripe, and in very dry weather. Put the blackberries into a jar and place the jar in hot water, keeping it boiling until the juice is extracted from the fruit. Pass it through a fine sieve or jelly-bag without much pressure. For every pint of juice add fourteen ounces of sugar, and boil in a clean preserving pan about five-and-twenty minutes, carefully taking off the scum as it rises to the surface. Place it hot in small jars and cover it down with thin tissue-paper dipped in brandy, and brown paper over it. Keep it in a cool, dry place.